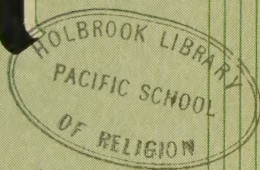


The Chaplain



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"HE PITCHED HIS TENT AMONG US"..... *Roy H. Short*

I'M A BETTER PASTOR NOW!..... *Jules Ayers*

Also:

SERMON OUTLINES • HUMOR • ILLUSTRATIONS
BOOK NOTES • IDEA EXCHANGE • PERSONALS
THOUGHT-STARTERS • QUOTES • WORK METHODS

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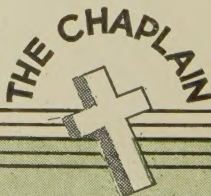
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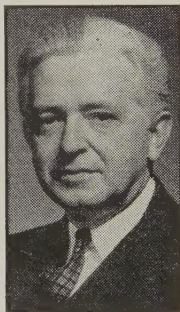
- For us to say "Nothing can be done about it" is insane!

Is a Christian State Possible?

By PAUL E. SCHERER, D.D.

Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City

THE Hebrew people in Palestine hated the Roman tax. They looked on it as a badge of servitude. So they laid a trap. They would catch Jesus of Nazareth, whatever he said. If he told them to pay it, they'd report him to the Jewish patriots. If he told them to stop it, they'd report him to Rome. And he walked straight into their trap, with his eyes wide open. In that carefree, reckless way of his, he laid himself out on both counts: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."



In ancient times a ruler's authority was supposed to extend as far as the circulation of his coinage. They even regarded the coins themselves as the ruler's private property. That's why Jesus asked to see a penny and the image it bore. "There it is," he said. "Apparently this is Caesar's realm. Here is Caesar's very coin. Give him what belongs to him." You can imagine how the hot-heads took it.

Then he went on. He went farther than they had asked him to go, and fairly courted trouble. It hadn't been much more than ten years since the Roman Senate had voted divine honors to Caesar Au-

gustus at his death. Temples were being built to him everywhere. And Jesus said, "Have nothing to do with it!" There was an allegiance which belonged to God alone. "Give it to no other." There was a limit set to empire that had never before been more bluntly put. You can imagine

how the Quislings took that!

How did we ever get the idea that Jesus side-stepped the issue? He ran into it with the brakes off and the accelerator down to the floor! When the crowd went away they weren't marvelling at his cleverness in getting out of a tight place. They were marvelling at his courage in jumping right into the middle of it, and pulling the danger in after him! They were marvelling at the fearless and indefeasible truth he had uttered!

We are confronted all over the world with the emergence of a particularly vicious brand of nationalism. Nothing is more characteristic of our era than this sudden and terrible power of juggernaut states, and the almost certain tendency toward the creation of others in the postwar world.

The idea of nationalism grew up with the Renaissance and the de-

me of religion. As God was left out, step by step country came to the fore. The two have been in a strange sense mutually exclusive, one springing up to take the place of the other. When man could no longer find for himself a universal fellowship in God or in the Christian Church, he began to fashion the best substitute he could; until today he's on the point of making, as the Jews did in the days of their decline, a religion out of nationalism.

So it is that the story of the last four hundred years has been the story of how the Church has slowly diminished in power, while the State has increased. Tomorrow and the day after we're going to have to deal with the problem we've created for ourselves by yes-ing business and yes-ing government, in one realm after another complacently surrendering our claim to moral leadership. During the chaos which is almost bound to follow this war, business may have considerably less to say, and government considerably more. If there isn't to be anarchy, I suppose that movement will be inevitable.

The question is, will the Christian Church have nothing more than a nuisance value in the face of such growing control? To all those who keep insisting that zeal for the true faith can never get into politics, may I point out that zeal for a false faith can! That's what actually happened in the case of National Socialism. And it isn't altogether an academic question here in America. The shape of things to come depends on the answer to it.

Don't you think it has nothing to

do with you. You're a part of the answer, a bigger part than you would be willing to admit if you knew.

I

First, there is a debt you owe the State. You owe it even when the State is corrupt. Rome had broken national hatreds and prejudices, and set up a universal peace; but she wasn't an easy mistress for all that. Everything was by no means the way all good people wanted it. And yet Jesus himself invested her claims with a sacredness never dreamed of before. "Render"—and that word meant submission—"render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."

It ought not to be so hard for us. Our heritage in this country is precious. To me that heritage is what the flag stands for. It stands for the devotion and the sacrifice of those who have gone before me, loving their freedom and refusing to abuse it; laboring for it with a clean conscience; putting their lives into it. It stands for justice, "that infinite perpendicular from the stars." It stands for the equality of all men under God, whatever their color or their creed. It stands for my voice and yours in the affairs of government, my human right and my sacred duty. For this I am willing to give without grumbling. I think I am willing to die for it. What is harder, I am willing to live for it.

Indifference is disloyalty. It's more dangerous than treason. Cynicism is disloyalty. Never turning your hand for the nation's good, unless you are forced to turn it: that's disloyalty. And the Chris-

tian gospel puts disloyalty to the State in the category of sin against God!

But with that it ends. And I leave it. It ends there because I love my country! I don't like the title of Vera Brittain's article in one of the issues of the *Christian Century*: "Say 'yes' to God; but 'no' to the State." There isn't always that conflict. But when there is, I'm with her—one hundred and ten per cent! The churches, she writes, will never recover their lost appeal to the divine spark in humanity until they develop the courage that protests—protests against poverty, against injustice, against racial discrimination, imperialistic policies, isolationism, and that testifies on behalf of a better world-order than any we have known, for equal opportunity and decent concern for the rights and well-being of others.

II

How shall we set about it? That's my second point.

The ideals of Jesus are not things that can be twisted every time the circumstances change, in business or among the nations. If we don't want to go on standing for them, let's say so; but don't let's ever try to make the desertion of them seem right. They mean, if they mean anything, that we've got to enter together on a strange and alarming life. That's how H. G. Wells puts it. We've got to "essay an incredible happiness."

We've got to hold to these standards of Christ, not argue them out of existence as soon as life begins to challenge them. That's what we are set here to do. And in nothing else lies the hope of our emer-

gence with any spiritual vitality at all into the years that are ahead of us. As Christians, our primary allegiance is to the God of our life; where that allegiance leads our conscience, with all of its wretched involvements, we are bound to follow. Every other allegiance whatever is secondary, and must first pass through what to us is the mind of Christ; and that, as far as I am capable of judging, is the truest patriotism. Not safe any of these great democratic concepts for which we are struggling, each in his own way, unless you have laid it in the hands of God.

You can't take hatred and lay it in those hands, to have it brought back again so that you can use it against the nation. Try it. Kneel down and pray, "O God, wipe that other nation off the map. For Jesus' sake, Amen." You can't take your prejudices of class or race, you can't take half-a-dozen brands I know of white American patriotism, and lay them in the hands of Christ, to have them back again from him with permission and with power. You can't take thoughtlessness and our fifty-seven old varieties of plain stupidity, consecrate them before the altar of God, and then go out with them and do as you like.

As another has said, it's as rare as a snow-white blackberry to find anybody in our time realistic enough, for instance, to discuss the difficulty of persuading America when the war is over to cede a iota of her sovereignty with an eye to building an international order.

The fundamental principles which democracy is built are pr-

les which grew up out of Christian soil. Some of their roots run back into Roman law and Greek philosophy; but they have drawn their vigour from the Christian gospel. Without it they could never have been what they are.

We talk about the value of the individual. It's a notion that simply won't stand by itself. The last four centuries have proved it. Jesus took it and rooted it in eternity. Other roots have been cut. Science has cut some of them, and industry has helped with others, until you have no value in our world except as a child of God. Otherwise at best you are the cultured offspring of an ape's first cousin; at worst a cog in some monstrous mechanism.

We talk about freedom. Where has it ever been at its best except as a kind of slavery, if you please, to the will of Almighty God?

We talk about equality. Where can you find it but at the feet of him who said, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren"?

III

For any one of us to say that nothing can be done about any of these things is insane—in a world where evil is and where man is still at least measurably free to bear and defy him. A book published in Britain a few months ago wants me to believe that anything we do will only make matters worse. "The better we shape the world," it says, "the more education and opportunities and comforts we give people, the more surely will they go on trying to live without God. Our very world is doomed by the sin that dogs its steps to produce the very worst

results." Whoever in our day wants to sit down in that, let him sit down. We can manage without him. So can God! Shall we be tough about this? What difference does it make to proclaim a gospel to the world if that gospel can make no difference? Whoever sits down should at the same time shut up!

Thank God the Christian Church seems less inclined that way at the moment than I have ever seen it. There are growing numbers of thoughtful people who are increasingly sure that unless political activity can be religiously motivated there will be very little political activity left. There will be chaos. I doubt if there was ever a generation quite as confident as ours that everything else it has tried has let it down.

In the words of Mr. Chesterton, "our food doesn't feed, our cures do not cure, our blessings refuse to bless." To meet that illusion the Church is standing up around our earth as never before. It maintains today the only unbroken world-community that still exists. Its word bids fair once more to become "a troublesome word." It has begun to fling its challenge in the teeth of every demonic evil that would tear the human soul to shreds. It's ready—it was in Norway and Sweden, in Denmark and Germany—to burn its boats and "without looking back, dedicate itself to the task of changing the basic assumptions, the very temper and outlook of our time!"

It centers, not on self-aggrandizement, not on expediency, not on tribe or blood of soil, British or American, but on God, and a law of God as unchanging as the

stars! While next to God there stands one whom God calls my neighbour—black or white or yellow, it makes no difference—his is the blood of my blood in the blood that stained a cross! For him, so help me God, it is my task and my glorious privilege to give myself, in his freedom to find my own! For him, out of my pious hopes, to fashion each day some present reality which shall come a little nearer the flesh and bone of these stalwart words that march out of the New Testament. Never to be disillusioned by failure or awed out of my divine commission by the persistent tug of the evil that's in him—and in me! Never to think it futile. To know that I am part each day, wherever I am, with the vast hosts of Christendom in "a new movement of life," a movement which is the Kingdom that God brings. He knows how to conquer! And he will. We don't have to apply principles: we have to respond to a living God who in one "dynamic situation" after another, today and tomorrow, meets us face to face!

Writes Christopher Morley, 'your great city I see in jeweled windows clocks that tell the correct time; and in front of them people always pause and adjust their watches. But suppose there were displayed beside the street some great poem, telling perfect Truth and Beauty: how many passers would pause to adjust their minds?'

On the day when we do, the earth shall be in the earth a new City of God like that which St. Augustine saw, forever far stronger than it seems, its banners flung to the wind, its garrison moving against the City of Man which forever far weaker than it seems.

Let me give you then this phrase of my text to keep by you: *For God's sake, render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and for Caesar's sake, render unto God the things that are God's!* To God that I worship I would offer this devotion of mine to the land that I love. And for the land that I love I would pay this debt of mine to the God that I worship.

That way there will be a future.

» BULLETIN BRIGHTENERS «

A good time had at the sacrifice of conscience will mean a bad time later on.

An obstinate man does not hold an opinion—it holds him.

You can read some folks like a book but they won't shut up as easily.

The best way to get rid of your duties is to discharge them.

When you talk, you repeat what you already know; when you listen you often learn something.

Dr. F. B. Meyer once said, Christians are either Bibles or liars.

Some men are like the one on the bucking horse—busy just sitting there.

Minds are like parachutes—only function when open.

• A distinguished worker for peace
tells how he came to this view . . .

The Churches Are Our Hope!

By JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Chairman, Commission for a Just and Durable Peace, Federal Council of Churches

WHAT can the churches do to influence the pattern of the future? My judgment is that their influence can be decisive!

That judgment is very different from that with which I started a career of international activity. For many years it never occurred to me that the Christian gospel had any practical bearing on the solution of international problems. I came to my present view only after thirty years of experience with futility.

At the Second Hague Peace Conference, in 1907, I saw the delegates of each nation, in the name of peace and humanity, maneuver for rules of war that would give their nation some advantage in the next war. In Central America, I saw differences settled by the coercive use of our economic power. At the Paris Peace Conference, I saw national rivalries so disunite the principal Allies that neither Wilson's program for a League of Nations nor Clemenceau's program for a permanently weakened Germany ever emerged from Treaty words into living realities.

In 1923, during the French occupation of the Ruhr, I saw bal-



ance of power politics wreck a program substantially worked out between the German, French, and Belgian governments whereby Germany would voluntarily cease passive resistance and resume reparation deliveries.

As counsel in relation to many postwar stabilization and rehabilitation loans, I saw their purpose frustrated. Borrowers used the proceeds to build up military establishments and lenders demanded the letter of their bond, while their nations refused to accept the goods and services through which alone repayment could be made.

At the German debt conferences which immediately followed Hitler's becoming chancellor, I saw Germany's policy poised between pursuit of international trade and pursuit of autarchy. I saw that policy swing to autarchy when the United States, for reasons of domestic policy, wrecked the contemporaneous London Economic Conference of 1933.

At the 1937 Paris session of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, held under the auspices of the League of Nations, I saw the impossibility of bringing the dele-

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gates present even to discuss the agreed topic of "peaceful change," lest it might be inferred that their own nation admitted the possibility of change to its disadvantage.

In China and Japan in 1938, I saw a Japanese military clique, which controlled the Emperor, bend the Japanese people to their will by teaching that wherever the divine Emperor led, there the people must fanatically follow.

In all of these matters, in which I played some part, I earnestly sought to promote peace and decent national relationships. Yet when a new and greater World War became certain, I saw that my record was one of complete futility. That personal failure was, of course, unimportant to anyone but myself. What was important was that I was not an isolated case. All of the good intentions of public officials and of private groups had been useless. So I took time out to analyze the record and to seek the cause of failure.

In that effort I obtained great enlightenment from one international event that, to me, stands out above all the others. That was the 1937 Oxford Conference on Church and State. It was made up of men and women who, like those who gathered at Pentecost, came "from every nation under heaven." There was but one bond of unity—that was faith in God as revealed by Jesus Christ. As at Pentecost, that bond of unity enabled us to understand each other. We discussed matters which before I had seen always give rise to violent dispute. We found intelligent, practical agreement as to how such matters should be dealt with. We did not

find any formulas of quick and easy solution. But we did find that the toughest problems could be tackled in ways which, instead of creating discord, drew men together in fellowship.

How did that come about? What was the explanation of the amazing contrast between discussions which occurred in a Christian atmosphere and those which occurred in the conventional atmosphere of diplomacy?

When I analyzed the failures which I could judge of my personal knowledge, I found the causes.

There was *idolatry*. The national representatives who conducted foreign relations did more than seek the long-range welfare of their people. That would have been their duty. But they often personified their State as quasi-god. To enhance its power and prestige became their great objective. To that they subordinated the true welfare of the human beings who composed the nation.

There was *hypocrisy*. Each national representative usually considered that his own national group was predominantly endowed with virtue and all others with vice.

There was *blindness*. Men seldom saw beyond what served their nation's short-range material interest. With so limited a vision, the full elements of the problem were not grasped.

There was much *evil emotion*. Men readily became suspicious and resentful and angry. They had frequent rushes of blood to the head, which prevented their minds from working as keen tools to dissect the problem and resourcefully find ways for its solution.

There was little *good emotion*. Few were inspired to combat evil and to promote righteousness. They saw their tasks as isolated events in a materialistic world, rather than as elements in some great progression toward human betterment. They were ineffective because they lacked the faith that is requisite for great deeds.

These causes of failure, I saw, were precisely those that Christ had sought to eradicate. He did not attempt to give ready-made solutions of the problems of world order and of social welfare. What he did was to tell men what were the qualities they needed to solve those problems for themselves.

He told men to give their spiritual allegiance only to God and to look upon human beings, rather than some personified State, as the highest earthly unit of value.

He inveighed against hypocrisy and taught men to concern themselves first with the evil in themselves.

He wanted men to see—to see far and to see truly. Blind men, following blind leaders, he pointed out, will always end up together in the pit.

He taught men to avoid the evil emotions of hatred and blindengefulness which so drive them to wreak destruction that they cannot plan intelligently for construction.

He showed men a great vision and sought to implant in them a sense of great purpose in life. He taught not a purely contemplative religion, but a dynamic faith which would make men strong and powerful in action.

Now, of course, it was nothing new to me that Christ had taught these things. I had learned that as a boy. What *was* new was the realization that the qualities Christ taught were the qualities that men needed in order to deal realistically with practical problems.

That lesson seems to me of the utmost importance, and that is my excuse for telling you of it in the way which may be the most graphic—namely in terms of my own experience. That lesson suggests, I think, the way in which the churches and Christian ministers can decisively aid the cause of world order.

To achieve world order is a long, hard task. It calls for men who are clear of vision, strong of faith and competent in deed. Fortunately, there is a goodly number of those men, among our leaders and among the rank and file of our people. How much they can achieve, and how quickly, depends on whether their ranks are steadily augmented. We need many more who possess and will use the qualities Christ taught.

To assure that is our task.



☞ NO PERSONAL SIGNIFICANCE or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we are passing will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Let the Class in Homeletics Come to Order!

☉ I HEAR SOME very helpful preaching and am grateful for it. Then I hear some that sounds like a recent statement from Father Divine, who said, "By impregnating a spiritual equilibrium in the consciousness of the people I am causing millions to right past wrongs." The last few words in that sentence are unworthy of what went before them. They are so simple that even Father Divine knew what he was saying.

High sounding words in the pulpit make empty pews and leave the heads as empty as ever and the hearts as hungry. Public speakers ought to remember that for every one with a degree there are many with an education, and for every one with an education there are hundreds who went no further than the common schools. I doubt if any of us has thoughts heavy enough to make even the children bow-legged to carry them. It's the words in which we dress up our thoughts that awaken attention or set the minds to wondering. Of course it's vital whether your thoughts are down on the ground where people live or are up in the sky trying to brush the spiderwebs off the stars.

In diplomatic meetings words are said to be used to hide thoughts, but in preaching they must convey thoughts or they are needless.

—BASCOM ANTHONY

☉ CHRIST BEGAN his work not with an exhortation, but with "good news." Let us remember that our Christian message is first of all the good news about God and his offer to man; it is not a mere digest of bad news or good advice about our times.

—RALPH W. SOCKMAN

☉ WHAT WE PUT into the hearts and minds of the men in our armed forces today is just as important as the weapons we put into their hands. These men represent one-fifth of the voting strength of the America of the future. If the battles of tomorrow are not intellectual and spiritual, they must degenerate into physical combat.

—WILLIAM BARROW PUGH

☉ NOTHING IS MORE PATHETIC than to see a man called of God to be a prophet bow down before ecclesiastical machinery and lick the boots of those who can give him promotion.

—BISHOP W. A. CANDLER

☉ A CHAPLAIN, after a preaching engagement in a local civilian church, reported that his sermon was "Moving, soothing and satisfying."

Ask to explain, he said, "In view of the fact that so many walked out, it must have been moving; since those remaining slept, it must have been soothing; and because they didn't invite me to preach again it must have been satisfying."

—Navy Chaplain's Newsletter

"Keep close to God; keep close to men; draw God and men together!"

Preaching for a Verdict

By THEODORE F. ADAMS, D.D.

First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

IT was toward the close of an ordination service. An older minister stood before a young man to give the charge to the candidate. It was a tense moment, for a father was speaking to his own boy. "My son," he said, "I charge you with three things as a minister: First, keep close to God; second, keep close to men; third, draw God and men together."

In that charge from one who was himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ, we find the key to effective evangelistic preaching. The style of the sermon, the approach to the theme, the manner of delivery will vary—but preaching that leads souls to the Saviour grows out of just such personal experience with God and men.

The preacher who would win souls must keep close to God. If he does, his sermons will reveal that experience both in words and in spirit. Men need God and know him, and will heed the man who speaks "what he has seen and heard." They will not long be content with a second-hand knowledge. As an English layman once said, "What our parish needs more than anything else is a rector who knows God other than by hearsay."



Think of our great evangelistic preachers. All are men who reveal the Lord they have taken time to know for themselves. "He that winneth souls is wise," and at least one secret of his wisdom comes from knowing the way to the source of the truth that makes men free.

The soul-winning preacher must keep close to men, or the soul-winning sermon will most certainly miss its mark. He must be "all things to all men, if by any means he can save some." No man can be a leader without followers who believe in him. Nor can a minister lead men and women and boys and girls to Christ unless they know and believe in him. Out of his knowledge of the life of his men the true chaplain speaks a language they understand.

To lead any man effectively you must start where he is. Let me suggest two things of which we must beware:

(1) Too often we begin our sermons with some theological or expository problem that is very real to the preacher, but that does not grip the listener. When, toward the close of the sermon, we come to the "practical application," we discover

too often that we have lost completely those we want to apply it to. Begin with the life of the people—and keep them in mind as you reveal the saving truth.

(2) So often we use terms and phrases that are dear and meaningful to members of an older generation, but are unintelligible to youth because they do not grow out of life today. Keep close to men! Jesus did. His parables, his teachings, his conversations, his very words grew out of the life of the common people—and they heard him gladly.

Effective preaching draws God and men together—not through the preacher, but through the Christ the preacher reveals and exalts. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men." "We preach Christ crucified." Hostile hands lifted him then. Loving, reverent hearts must exalt him now. If we do our part, he will do his. Of this we may be sure.

Jesus saves. Yes, he saves men from something and for something. The preaching that wins men to Christ today will reveal the Saviour from sin that all men need. But it will do more. It will present the Christ and his kingdom in a message that thrills and challenges young and old and wins our lives to match his own. Jesus called his disciples to work with him in a world mission that will challenge the best in any man. Men today hearing the same call, will rise up to follow him.

Every minister should be "preaching for a verdict." There is always an answer. What joyous privilege it is to preach so winsomely that the right answer comes!

Would you preach sermons that win souls? Then bear in mind the old preacher's advice to his son: "Keep close to God; keep close to men; draw God and men together."



☉ A LAYMAN VISITED a great city church during a business trip. After the service, he congratulated the minister on his service and sermon. "But," said the manufacturer, "if you were my salesman, I'd discharge you. You got my attention by your appearance, voice and manner; your prayer, reading and logical discourse aroused my interest; you warmed my heart with a desire for what you preached; and then—and then you stopped without asking me to do something about it. In business the important thing is to get them to *sign on the dotted line*."

☉ WE ARE AFRAID that heaven is a bribe and that, if we make it our goal, we shall no longer be disinterested. It is not so. Heaven offers nothing that a mercenary soul can desire. It is safe to tell the pure in heart that they shall see God, for only the pure in heart want to.

—From *The Problem of Pain* by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan)

☉ THERE IS NO MARKET for sermons on the text, "God so loved the world that he inspired a certain Jew to inform his contemporaries that there was a great deal to be said for loving one's neighbors." —Arnold Lunn

How the padre was inducted as . . .

"Sky Pilot"—Full Fledged

By CHAPLAIN CHARLES E. LUNN

THE motor roared, and our little "cub" plane just cleared the trees at the far end of the improvised landing-field. The weather was a little hazy, so we flew at about 1000 feet. The fields of old England lay below as like a huge "crazy-quilt" patch. Smoke was spiralling from some of the chimneys. The countryside was dusted by the soft, warm glow of the late autumn sunlight. All was a picture of peace and quiet.

Could this country be at war? We were only thirty minutes by air from German-occupied territory, but we seemed far removed from the horrors of war. Yet when we passed over some of the cities there was mute evidence of the visit of German bombers: piles of rubble, skeletons of buildings left standing, huge open spaces where buildings had once stood.

We had been up about two hours when the weather began to close in. The atmosphere was heavy and depressing, as if the great body of nature had become sick and feverish. A thick fog enveloped us from every side. Since the altimeter was not working properly, we couldn't tell how high we were, for we couldn't see the ground.

"I think we must be on the treetops," I shouted to the pilot, over the roar of the motor.

"Oh, no," he said, "we are up about



1000 feet, I should judge."

"How can you tell?" I yelled.

"Just by the feel of it!" he answered.

"I certainly hope you have a lot of feeling," I replied with much misgiving.

By this time the supply of gas was getting dangerously low. We couldn't see a thing. We began

to descend. Suddenly I noticed that the fog was swirling madly as if it were being blown by some huge blower. I pointed it out to the pilot and he saw it too. We eased down a bit more, and there we were about 75 feet over the top of a passenger train. We reasoned that the train would be going to a town; we followed along as close as we dared to get on top of it. Then off to the side we saw an open field. The pilot shouted, "Hold on, we're going in."

As we approached the field we saw that it was full of cattle. The pilot accelerated the motor, the noise of which scattered the cattle, but we landed among them safely without a scratch to ourselves or the plane.

As we stepped from the plane, I said, "That was a skillful landing."

"That wasn't skill," replied the lieutenant. "That was an answer to prayer."

"How did you know I was praying?" I said.

"I could tell by the feel, Padre, I could tell by the *feel*," he shot back.

- *Four prime elements that made the Great Emancipator great*

We Need Lincoln

By HUGH ELMER BROWN, D.D.

First Congregational Church, Evanston, Ill.

GREAT men are God's finest gift to the race. The nineteenth century was prolific in great men. Abraham Lincoln was the greatest of them all. He holds undisputed eminence. He needs no legendary haloes, no sentimental idolatry to keep him alive. Like the cosmic rays, his benign influence pours down upon the human race.

Our need for Lincoln was never more dire than just now when we scan the horizon for a leadership strong enough to lead and wise enough to be followed. Now when the air is full of the clamor of conflicting counsels and the shadow of depression sits like the old man of the sea on the minds of men, now when men are wandering like sheep with no shepherd, we need Lincoln.

I

We need his sense of humor. He knew when and how to laugh. His laughter was no dry crackling laughter of scorn, no bitter laughter of disillusion, no artificial laughter of the chronic gladness cults. It originated below the Adam's apple and came like a gulf stream from his heart. It was born of a profound humanism. It appre-



ciated the whimsicalities and contradictions of life, had a kindly "perception of life's lesser incongruities," eased the jolts of the journey, fed with devastating effect upon pretense and humbug. We need his sense of humor to save us from the disease of self-importance and the worrie-

born of egotism, to meet life's ills and bores with healing laughter to give release and relief from the bear's hug of pessimism.

II

We need his seeing eye. Step onto the porch of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Consider the prime majesty of the figure in the chair. You will come irresistibly to a awed study of those eyes that seem to take in everything, that seem to wander into eternity itself, and hold in rich comprehension the whole range of reality.

The penetrating, exploring, prophetic quality of Lincoln's vision has never been fully marked, but enough is known of it to make us conscious of our own feeble sight. We are great on "surveys." We make "blue-prints" and "close-ups." But we are short on insight and foresight. We indulge in journal-

judgments, emotional generalizations, thoughtless slogans and extemporaneous plans. We need Lincoln's comprehending eyes to save us from the folly of steering by the stars in the pond, ignoring the constellations overhead.

III

We need his gentle heart. We need the gentle heart of this man who hated the "death roll," this man who said that slavery had an infinite capacity for making him miserable, this man who fled from the White House portico in uncontrollable grief when reviewing regiments of boyish recruits marching off to the front and the ditches of death. He was moved with compassion. It was human want and woe that gave him "the saddest place that ever lay in a coffin."

If Lincoln were living today the load on his heart would not be lightened. We need his rugged tenderness and melting pity to keep us warm and responsive and to make us highly resolve that humanity shall have a better chance. God pity the man who is not "moved with compassion" in this incredible lay of human need!

IV

We need his dauntless courage. Courage belongs with great leadership. Lincoln was one of the bravest men who ever lived. He was never cowed by the crowd. He was unafraid to join pioneering minorities. He stepped out boldly in advance of his age on many questions. He had the courage to move swiftly, to move slowly, or, hardest of all, to wait. He stood for the truth, the whole truth, no matter

whence it came or whither it led.

How greatly we need such spiritual "nerve" to face the subtle and swaggering tyranny of the crowd mind, to stand for a federal idea of the world against bristling nationalisms, to work for the emancipation of the world from the curse of war, to rebuke the worship of wealth and the insidious idolatry of things, and to be delivered forever from all sickly prudentialisms which would nestle us down in things as they are.

V

We need his faith in God. There are three attitudes men take toward the universe. Some laugh at the universe and live lives of simian carelessness. Some endure the universe with whatever stoical composure they can command. Others have faith in the integrity of the universe, believe that "God is a gentleman" and have utter confidence in his executive competency.

Lincoln certainly belonged to this third group. For him, the universe had not gone into a receiver's hands. It was still abundantly solvent. "The Almighty has his own purposes." It is for us to discover these purposes and align ourselves with them always and everywhere. Lincoln believed that there was a divine drift in history, and he sought to sail his ship in that dynamic current. Although he joined no church, all churches are stronger because of him. America's most mystical statesman, he was a prophet of God in nobler aspects than sacerdotal investitures attempt to supply.

The cadences of his speech haunt our memories like those of Hebrew

Scripture. He did justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with God. We need faith to keep our sanity in a wild and disordered time, to give heart and soul to all our remedial efforts and to furnish the solid ground for a new hopefulness in the human spirit.

Lincoln leaving Springfield, commending his neighbors, his nation and himself to the convoy of God, is a picture which should be hung in the heart of every American. Lincoln's Second Inaugural is the noblest sermon of the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century can find no better counsel outside the gospel pages.

The universities will guard the

fortunes of Plato. The theaters will not let Shakespeare die. The observatories will keep green the grave of Copernicus. But humanity—aching, struggling, blundering, suffering humanity—will see to it that Lincoln, the fairest figure and the gentlest memory of our Western world, does not perish. On his natal day, those honor him most who refuse to wrap up their tolerances in the American flag, who seek not his name as a sanctification of their partisan propaganda who applaud him not only with their lips but with their lives, seeking to be in their own generation some glorious fragment of what he was in his.



Lincoln the Consoler

PERHAPS the most famous letter of consolation ever written to the parents of soldiers killed in battle is that sent to a Mrs. Bixby by President Abraham Lincoln on learning of the death of her five sons. It may well serve as a model for chaplains eager to assuage natural grief with spiritual assurance. We reprint it here by request.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN

• "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."—John 1:14

"He Pitched His Tent Among Us"

By ROY H. SHORT, D.D.

Editor, "The Upper Room"

LITERALLY translated, this text reads, "The Word was made flesh and pitched his tent among us." What a beautiful thought that is! God assumed the role of a "comrade in arms" when he sent his Son into the world. He left the skies and pitched his tent among the poor tents where earth's common men live.

The very words of this expression call to mind sundry tents that have been pitched here and there across the sands of time, tents whose presence have had various meanings. If we could have looked down upon the sands of Egypt early in the last century, we would have seen row upon row of hundreds of little tents, ghastly white in the moonlight, and looking dwarfed and tiny beside the great towering pyramids. What did those tents mean? They meant that Napoleon had invaded Egypt, that soon the war guns would roar and the sands of Egypt would run red with blood.

Or again, early in that same century along the west coast of Africa, we might have noticed somewhere on the edge of the jungle a little cluster of shabby tents among which a company of cruel, rough-



appearing men moved. It was a sad day for Africa when those tents were pitched there. For they meant that the slave-traders had come and that the blacks of the forest would be torn from their homes and their families and shipped far across the water to be sold into slavery.

Or again, toward the middle of that same last century, we might have seen another tent pitched in the heart of the African jungle. It was the tent of one David Livingstone, a son of Scotland who got down upon his knees every day and prayed, "O God, help me to paint this dark continent white!" What did that tent mean? It meant that the morning light was breaking over the Dark Continent and that the darkness was beginning to disappear.

Or again, as that same nineteenth century came to its close, we might have seen another tent, its walls bulging with the cold winds that sweep out of the north. What did that tent mean? It meant that Wilfred Grenfell had come to Labrador, to bind up the wounds of the suffering, to minister to the dying, to care for the orphan, to develop institutions which soon would

Adapted from "The Revival Pulpit" and reprinted by permission

change the whole color of the life of the people.

Now what does the "divine tent" pitched among us mean? What is the significance of the fact that the Son of God took upon himself the robes of mortality and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh? The philosophers and the theologians have given answer to that question in carefully formulated and intricate systems of theology. The great councils of the Church have sought to answer it in the symbolism of poetry and song.

But nothing could be clearer and simpler than the picture in these immortal words of John: *The coming of Jesus means that God has pitched his tent among us.* It means that the Lord of Heaven, of his own choice and out of his abounding love, has become a Comrade-in-arms to all the children of men who will accept him.

I

Because God has pitched his tent among us, we may be sure of this: *He knows and understands us.*

One has actually to be a close comrade to people to know them. He can read about them, but he never knows them until he goes to live among them. There is a vast difference between knowing people theoretically and knowing them sympathetically.

One of the reasons that Edward VIII was so dearly loved was the fact that he knew the people of England, and especially the underprivileged. He had moved among them. He had been a midshipman in the British Navy and "not the slightest discrimination had been shown in his favor." He had min-

istered with his own hands to the men who represented the living wrecks of war. He had gone into the homes of miners and visited in the slums of Glasgow. He had lamented that an England that could build a ship like the *Queen Mary* seemed unable to do anything adequate with the problem created by the Empire's poor.

How exceedingly anxious we are that God shall know us! And yet sometimes we wonder whether, for all the infinity of his knowledge, God does know us. Sometimes it seems that he is far removed from us, dwelling in light unapproachable. So we raise the questions: Does God care? Does he understand? Does he really know? There is one final answer to such questions. It is the tent pitched among us since the night the angels sang their hymn of praise above the roof-tops of Bethlehem.

God has been our neighbor. God has lived where we live. It was this glorious thought that was in the mind of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews when he declared so triumphantly, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted as we are, and yet without sin."

God, through Jesus, has been our comrade in life's battles, and he knows and understands. He has been hungry. He has been tired. He has been shelterless. He has been tempted. He has been discouraged. He has known the cruel buffetings of a thoughtless world. He has been wounded. He has even tasted death. And, more important, he has triumphed over death.

II

Because God has pitched his tent among us *we are never alone.*

The presence of neighbors always drives away the sense of loneliness. The house next door or the cottage down the road by their very presence add warmth and the sense of fellowship to life. Just to look out the window and see the friendly smoke curling from a neighbor's chimney drives away any feeling of isolation that otherwise might grip our hearts.

The divine tent pitched among us does the same thing. For over thirty-three years Jesus walked among men, and then was received into the heavenlies; but actually he himself never went away. His blessed presence yet lingers among us, and it is literally here that he is with us always—even unto the end of the world.

In life's most serious moments we often awake afresh to the realization of his blessed presence with us. A lad at the front wrote to *The Upper Room* not long ago telling how he, in a serious and dangerous moment, had realized the divine presence. He said: "One night not long ago we had to hit our foxholes in a hurry. In haste, I picked up this little book, and in the darkness of the foxhole I lighted a match and read the following prayer, which I thought was appropriate for that time: 'Master,

we thank thee that no blackout can blot out the light of thy face. Help us to keep singing of thy love, while we watch and pray for the lights to come on again.'"

III

Because God has pitched his tent among us, *there comes into our lives strength and help* that otherwise we could never have.

We do not often stop to think about it, but great strength and help come to us through the men and women who are our comrades and friends. You remember how the little boy, Shocky, used to want to be the Hoosier schoolmaster and how one day the schoolmaster said, "Shocky, why do you want to be with me so much?" And the little boy said, "God don't seem half so far away when you're around!"

Our divine comrade does the same thing. He strengthens us and helps us. When we are tempted to lay aside the virtues that we have long been taught to hold dear, when we are prone to be weakened by anxieties and concerns, when we are face to face with grave danger and even death, then his presence by our side becomes the source of our power. Something deep within our hearts cries out, "The Lord is at my right hand and I shall not be moved," and we find ourselves strangely more than sufficient for life—and death.

Ⓒ A CELEBRATED ACTOR well-known for his eloquent recital of the Twenty-third Psalm was present on one occasion when the reverent words were spoken by an elderly clergyman.

"My friends," the actor said, when it came his time to speak, "when I recite that Psalm, I reach your eyes and ears, this man reached your hearts; I know the Twenty-third Psalm, this man knows the Shepherd."

- *Suggestions for controlling that mind-misery called Homesickness*

How to Cope With "GI Ailment No. 1"

By CHAPLAIN ROY M. PEARSON

HE came into my office with a letter. "Chaplain," he said, "I am homesick. I wrote to my wife to ask her what she would think if I deserted the army and came home. This is what she wrote." He handed me the letter, and I read his wife's words. "I do not know how I should answer your letter," she said, "so I shall just put it this way: what would you think of me if I deserted our home and left our children to starve?" And then the soldier broke down and wept like a child.

The number of men who feel like this is larger than we imagine. Some of them come to the chaplain. Some of them fight their battle alone. Some of them go AWOL. The problem of homesickness in the armed forces is an important one, and it deserves more attention than has been given to it. What shall we say to the homesick man? How shall we help him? Allow me to suggest at least seven things we can lead him to see and believe.

1. *Homesickness is a wholly natural reaction to absence from home.* To be homesick is not to be queer or strange or neurotic. Indeed, it can be said that the only man who is never homesick is the man who has no home worthy of the name or the man who does



not appreciate the home he has. The very fact that a man is a son or husband or father inevitably means that he has laid upon himself responsibilities of that relationship, and homesickness is in part the desire to fulfil the obligations of those responsibilities.

When any worthy and decent man is long away from home, he hungers and thirsts for his family fireside. This is a normal and natural reaction. Every intelligent man has it in greater or lesser power.

2. *Homesickness cannot be separated from the other deep emotions of the human heart.* It is like anger—which can burn out the soul of the man who is angry and leave behind only the scorched wreckage of a fruitless passion, or which can gather up a man's energies and use them in the battle for social betterment. It is like hatred—which can smother every creative impulse in the black fogs of vengeful desire, or which can channel itself into the righting of the day's wrongs of the ages. It is like lust, which can put chains upon a man until he is impotent to do the deeds of beauty and goodness, or which can transform itself until in love it finds the flower for which it was fashioned by God at the first.

So homesickness can destroy or strengthen the personality. It can destroy the personality by giving birth to the habit of self-pity. A man thinks of nothing save the consuming thought that he wants to be home, that he is wasting his time in the army, that the years are slipping by without permitting him to do the things which he has long cherished in his heart, that he will lose his mind if he is compelled to remain longer in the pathological environment of military life.

Or, on the other hand, homesickness can strengthen the personality by convincing the soldier of the eternal truths of family life. He had been told that his home was precious; he had known that he loved his wife; he had been assured that the Christian ideal of the family was more to be desired than the lurid triangles which he had seen so many times portrayed in the local movie show. All these things he had believed to be true. He had believed them, and yet he had only half believed them because he had seen them only as a man sees his country who has never left its shores. He loves it, of course, but never quite so dearly as he would if he had been compelled to live abroad.

So the man away from home learns for the first time how much his mother, his wife, his children really mean to him. He learns how precious is the purity of monogamous marriage. He learns how important is the womb of the home in bringing forth at long last the man or woman of strength and goodness.

Homesickness can be used to broaden a man's understanding and increase his power until, coming home when the war is done, he returns a better man by far than he would have been had he never gone away.

3. *Homesickness can be controlled.* It cannot and should not be wholly eradicated, but it can be controlled. The first step in that control is the maintenance of good personal habits. There should be adequate rest and sleep. There must be proper recreational activity and sufficient opportunity for relaxation. Food should be of good quality and served with regularity. All these conditions, of course, cannot always be achieved in army life, but they should be approximated as closely as possible.

The soldier must also remember his own responsibility for shutting the doors on every approach of self-pity and regret. He cannot keep some of these thoughts from slipping into his consciousness, but he need not give them a chair and offer them tea. It is easier to throw them out of his mind in their infancy than to await the hour when they are full-grown and too strong to be ejected. The maintenance of good habits of body and mind is the *sine qua non* of any successful assault on homesickness.

4. *Another step in the control of homesickness is the frequent recollection of the reason the man is away from home.* A soldier in the army is not a prisoner. He is not confined because of some crime or wrong which he has done in civilian life. He is not being punished. He is not being wasted. Rather is he a member of one of the biggest teams the world has ever known. It is organized like an orchestra or a baseball club or a labor union. It was brought into being for a specific purpose, and it is directed toward a particular end.

In order that this end may be reached, certain sacrifices are needed, among them being the separation for

a while from his home and loved ones. Within this larger framework the soldier must see his own essential place. He has a job to do, a job which is important in the wider scheme, a task without which ultimate success would not be possible. He must learn to find meaning in his life even when he is away from home; and when he has found that meaningfulness in his present job, a large measure of the sickness will depart.

5. *Still another step in the control of homesickness is to remember who and what you are.* I, for example, am the minister of the First Congregational Church in Amherst, Mass. The fact that I have entered the armed forces does not change that fundamental relationship to my home base. I am the minister of that church still, and I do my job in the army in the same capacity as that in which I did my job in civilian life.

I am the husband of my wife Ruth; and I am the father of my children Beverly and Bradford. By the donning of a uniform I have not severed any of these ties which are dearer to me than life itself. This is the intangible bulwark of my courage, and it is among the most dependable.

After all, a large part of our homesickness is the terror of losing our identity. We feel stripped of our individuality. We lose our standing as people, as individuals holy before God, as personalities to be identified by names and positions in society and relationships to the manageable life of our own communities. Homesickness cannot be controlled until the man remembers that he is still John J. Jones, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Jones, the clerk who works in the hardware store on Main Street,

the husband of his wife Dorothy, the father of his son Thomas. He is the man he always was. His feet are on the ground. He is in command of himself.

6. *Homesickness is diminished also by the recollection of the permanence of the home base itself.* The temptation is large to believe that by our departure the structure of home and town has been so weakened that when we return, we shall go back to a shaken town and a shattered home. It is not generally so. The life of town and city proceeds in our absence as if we had never been away. Stores open at eight in the morning. Children borrow books from libraries. Street cars and buses pursue their customary way. Churches have their usual services on Sunday mornings, and the schools open their doors each day to receive the youth who climb their stairs.

Moreover, the family life itself usually stands firm. My wife is still my wife; and, however long may be the time of our separation, she will be waiting, ready at a moment's notice to take up the work and the play of our life together. My children are still my children, and when I return from the wars they will be waiting for me to share their fellowship again. My parents do not love me the less because I have been away from them through the months, and after my service in the army is over, I shall easily find my place in my rightful relationship as their son.

The earth has not moved because I have left my home and my town for this time, and whenever it is mine to walk the ways of home again, I shall find the ground firm beneath my feet.

Realizing this, I stand firm.

7. Finally, homesickness can be overcome when a man realizes that he has a destiny under God, wherever he may be. He is important before God. God created him, and God has a plan for his life. He has a work for him to do.

In normal times, it is likely that he could find that destiny in his own hometown and in the company and fellowship of wife and children and parents. But suppose that he were still in civilian life and his wife should die. This would be tragedy, of course, but still would he have his destiny under God. He would not stop living, working, hoping, striving. Suppose that his parents or children should die; this would be tragedy, of course, but on, trying to do as best he could the work which God has called him to do.

Under the circumstances of army life his loved ones have not died; it is only that necessarily he must be separated from them for a time. To surrender himself to despair and defeat under these circumstances is not only

detrimental to his own and the army's welfare, but it is disloyalty to God. It is the refusal of God's summons. It is the failure of his fellowship with God.

In good times or bad, in near places and far, a man is called of God to the fulfilment of a destiny whose full implications he may not know. He is called to do his daily job in faithfulness and with that measure of insight and skill which God has bestowed upon him. That responsibility would be his in the friendly comradeship of his life at home, but it is also his in the harder and wider field of his separation from those he loves. His homesickness will be more bearable if he understands that he has this destiny.

These things are true, but they cannot be taught as one would teach the multiplication table. They must be worked out in the sweat of each man's brow. The hill must be climbed in the full realization that on the way upward there will be many a slip backward. But to him who perseveres God gives the victory.

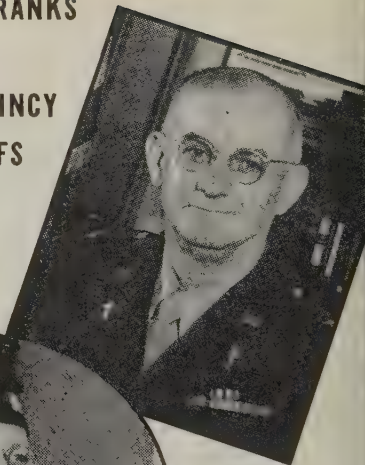
☉ PREACHING, if it is to have adequate depth and height and breadth, must be theological preaching. Indeed, there is no other kind that is much more than a respectable embellishment of a comfortable life. This has been expressed with rugged force in the challenge to the Church: "*If you have anything peculiarly Christian to say at this hour, for God's sake say it! But if you can do nothing but mouth over the slogans of the street corner, or the usual banalities of the Chamber of Commerce, for God's sake, keep still!*" Those are rough words, but so were many of the words of Paul, and of Jesus. If preaching is not basically theological, not the proclamation of a God who has acted, but merely an anthology of moral axioms, it soon comes to resemble the description of Matthew Arnold as "a mournful evangelist who has somehow contrived to mislay the gospel." It is seductively easy to mislay a gospel!

—HALFORD E. LUCCOCK in *In The Minister's Workshop* (Abingdon-Cokesbury)

HIGHER RANKS for CHAPLAINCY CHIEFS



**MAJOR GENERAL
WM. A. ARNOLD**
Chief of Chaplains
of the U. S. Army



**BRIG. GENERAL
GEORGE F. RIEGLE**
Deputy Chief of
Chaplains, U.S. Army



CAPTAIN ROBERT D. WORKMAN, ChC, U. S. NAVY
who has been nominated by the President as Chief of
Chaplains of the U. S. Navy, with the rank of Rear
Admiral. Early confirmation by the Senate is expected





DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, with officers of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, who spoke at the recent luncheon held in Washington, D. C., in connection with the Commission's quarterly meeting. In the photo, left to right, are: Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations; the Rt. Rev. Henry K. Sherrill, Vice Chairman of the General Commission; Vice President Henry A. Wallace; Bishop Edwin F. Lee, Director of the General Commission; General George C. Marshall, U. S. Army Chief of Staff; Dr. William Barrow Pugh, Chairman of the General Commission and of the Service Men's Christian League.

PROTESTANT CHAPLAINS MEET, HONOLULU: More than a hundred chaplains from Army, Navy and Marine Corps who held a recent conference on "Religion in the Postwar World." In the front row center are Senior Chaplains Ora J. Cohee (USA), John W. Moore (USN), Herbert Dumstre (USMC), Robt. L. Dougherty (ATC) and Corwin H. Olds (AUS).



- Wondering what "the road back" will be like? Then read this . . .

"I'm a Better Pastor Now!"

By EX-CHAPLAIN JULE AYERS

First Presbyterian Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

WHEN I entered the Chaplain School at Harvard University in July, 1943, I hadn't the least idea that, within a year, I would return to the pastorate. However, the unexpected happened. After I had served as chaplain of a fighter group in the Army Air Force for six months, my wife suffered a broken back in an accident. Following an extended emergency furlough, I was granted a release from my commission.

I left the army, and the prospect of overseas service, with regret. Nevertheless I was extremely grateful for the privilege and responsibility of caring for my wife and children in civilian life. A while ago I was installed as pastor of my present church. Before I become completely absorbed in my new work, I feel I must record certain impressions of my army experience. These will serve as a guide to me in the task ahead, and as an indication of the state of mind of one who has been a chaplain and is now returning to the Christian ministry on the home front.

When I became a soldier, I had to become physically fit. I thank Uncle Sam for making me do so. From now on, I am resolved to keep myself in good condition, and to endeavor to retain the bearing, confidence and discipline of a member of a combat crew.

The army introduced me to fellowship and teamwork on a national scale. The men in my unit represented extreme educational, economic and religious variations. All were united by the fact that they were Americans engaged in a common cause. From them I learned that comradeship is an important factor in the service, and that among soldiers, character counts most.

The attitudes and hopes of men and women in uniform interested me. Military personnel have a realism in outlook which is contagious. The majority of those I have known intimately do not think of themselves as heroes, but as ordinary people trying, together, to do a hard job well. They know that "war is hell." They have no sadistic delight in the actualities of combat. They are unaffected by slogans and utopianism. They believe that complex world problems will emerge when victory is won. Yet they believe that America is worth fighting for. In its defense and preservation, they will take their chances of survival, and gladly give their all.

Because of what I have learned of the ready response to dynamic religion in the army, I want my church to express a faith and a fellowship which is vital and transforming. I want to see in my con-

gregation increasing evidence of the strengthening and deepening of personal religious life. I shall reach more expository sermons than I used to. Continually I shall try to win a verdict for Christ in the consciences of those I reach. Having been led, as a chaplain, to cultivate the "secret places" and to seek help and guidance where alone they may be found, I shall strive to bring my people to the presence and power of God. Thereby I trust that there will be a widespread acknowledgment of the adequacy of the Christian faith, an understanding heart toward humanity's deepest needs, and a manifestation of personal, family and corporate worship, motivated and supported by communion with Jesus Christ. In my pastoral calling, I shall spend more time contacting men. I shall reach them at their work. I shall feed them. They need the Church. And I intend to do more hospital visitation. As a chaplain I was more deeply impressed than ever before of the Christian opportunity among the sick. In hospital visitation in the army, I made wide use of devotional literature and educational material. I found soldiers always ready to scan books of prayers and stimulating pamphlets. I shall continue to use these in my new work as a method of making my hospital ministry more effective.

I shall endeavor to be faithful in my ministry to service men and their families. I shall write to the men on the "honor roll" regularly, not only passing on "home-town news" but informing them of policies that are under discussion in the church and the community. I shall ask them to comment on ex-

cerpts from occasional sermons which I shall enclose. Along with these I shall occasionally include data from current periodicals, or from The National Conference of Christians and Jews or The Federal Council. I shall make soldiers realize that when they return home there will not only be a pew for them, in which they can listen to me preach, but a place on the teaching staff, in the men's organization, and on the boards of the church.

Meanwhile I shall assure them that their church is keeping up-to-date in its program and technique, that it is taking a personal interest in their parents, wives and children by affording them, in addition to opportunities of worship, special occasions for comradeship and recreation. I will also keep them advised that it is having a part in preventing the spread of juvenile delinquency, in giving counsel on courtship and marriage, and in challenging those at home to be worthy of the sacrifices being made on their behalf.

In the field of Christian education, I am going to have a more Bible-centered program than I have had previously. I want young people to know God through an understanding of the Scriptures. In the army, when I observed Protestant and Catholics engaged in discussions on matters of belief, I found that the Protestants often appeared at a disadvantage. Profiting by this fact, I want my church to know why it is Protestant, what are the distinctive tenets of the Protestant branch of the Christian Church, and how indigenous and basic Protestantism is to the genius

of the Christian faith. People of all ages in my church will become more adept at defining the convictions that are in them, and in relating them to modern thought and conduct.

I shall never cease declaring that we live in a universe of law, and that the chief end of man is to understand and obey the moral laws governing human relationships. These are revealed in the Old and New Testaments and comprise the mind and will of God for man. I will point up the fact that the Church is a world-wide fellowship, and that the Christian witness is not the exclusive possession of any single nation, race, class or creed. Hence I shall stress the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the universal need of divine forgiveness and grace.

Because I am certain that the Church is "the body of Christ" and is represented by faithful disciples of our Lord in every part of the globe, I shall call for a greater consecration of time, energy, thought and money to the Christian cause. Only an ecumenical faith, only universal repentance and acceptance of divine sovereignty, only a world-wide moral climate, free from vindictiveness and hate, and saturated with good will and the impulse to

redeem, is equal to the challenge and the responsibility of the hour.

Having been chaplain to a unit composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews, I have become more interested in the ties which unite men spiritually than in the influences which divide them. Thus I am determined to be known in my community as a minister of God first, a Protestant second, and Presbyterian third. Feeling this way, I am desirous of having the fullest measure of fellowship attainable with Jews and Catholics and I am anxious to strengthen united Protestantism through a council of churches and the YMCA and the YWCA.

I want my church constituency to be interested and active in the social agencies of the community and to be influential in guiding its policies and programs thus developed. I want them to think of the church as "the conscience of the community" and the "social springboard" for constructive steps which promote economic justice, racial brotherhood and civic welfare.

In these ways, I shall seek, by God's grace, to have my church contribute to our common prayer and goal, that "the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."



☉ RECENTLY the War Department had 5,883,000 Bibles printed at a cost of \$932,000. Each one contains a letter from the President commending the reading of the Bible by the army. This has greatly annoyed Representative Bennett of Missouri, who says that the Bible needs no endorsement from any candidate for public office. To back up his position he quotes Revelation 22:18: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

Book Protection

"I note that CHAPLAIN ARTHUR WEAVER asks for help in protecting his books from cockroaches. While in Florida I had the same problem and finally found that lacquer or shellac, into which is mixed a small quantity of powdered quinine, did an excellent job. The entire cover and edges of the book are painted with this mixture, and the cockroaches find it unpalatable."

—CHAPLAIN R. T. LOESCH

The Personal Touch

CHAPLAIN MILTON B. CRIST is one who believes thoroughly in the policy of interviewing every man in his outfit. He says: "It may take months, but it is worth the effort. Using a card-index file, fill out a card for every man. Don't just copy the information from his service record, but ask the man himself for the answers to such questions as those inquiring into his church experience or religious background, if any."

"The information that comes from such interviews will surprise you. You are thus able to form a picture of each man's background, and every approach you make to him thereafter will be much more intelligent than if you just know him as 'Bill Brown, Company C.' I have found that company commanders are willing to release the men for such interviews at the rate of four an hour."

Anti-Sticking Operation

CHAPLAIN RUSSELL C. ARCHER, with a medical detachment overseas, passes along an idea that may or may not be familiar to you. "To keep envelopes

from sticking," he says, "I take the flap and run it over the hairs of the head. I have saved many air-mail envelopes in this manner." (Those with not enough hair for this operation are advised to call in their assistant.)

Bulletins for Absentees

CHAPLAIN THEODORE P. BORNHOEFT writes from Holland that recent situations among some of his units have rendered impossible the conducting of regular divine services. But in order that his men may not be without religious inspiration he prepares a mimeographed bulletin weekly which is distributed to the men unable to attend. The bulletin gives a brief digest of the message he would have brought them, plus brief items culled from this magazine and *The Link*. He finds of special value the sentence quotes we occasionally use under the title "Bulletin Brighteners" (see page 6).

Fighters into Writers

CHAPLAIN FRANK G. ELLIOTT, dropping us a note from an English hospital whither he was whisked within five hours after being wounded in action on the Siegfried Line, tells how readily he responds to communications from relatives who ask him to stir his men to write more frequently. Like most of you, he regularly gets letters from home folks worried to distraction by their non-writing GI's. Elliott lets no grass grow under his feet upon getting such a letter.

First, he finds out all he can about the man from his friends and officers—especially his first sergeant. (He makes a special point of cultivating

the confidence of such men, so that they will be eager and ready to impart information when desired.) Then he goes to the man, withholding the information that someone has written him, and gives an off-hand lecture on the importance of writing to the home folks, then drops a line immediately to the one at home. Invariably, the fighter is turned into a writer. And also invariably, the chaplain makes a friend for life of the original correspondent from the home front.

Films for Hymn-Sings

¶ Taking a leaf from the "community sings" films produced by Columbia studios and used regularly in camp theaters, CHAPLAIN OSCAR B. WOOLDRIDGE (in conjunction with CHAPLAIN RUHMANN, now in the South Pacific) hit upon the idea of getting a film company to produce some films with hymns for Sunday evening use.

Selling a well-known radio quartet on the idea, the chaplains arranged for recordings of music and introductory narration to be made in the Hollywood NBC studios. These recordings, with the words of selected hymns, are printed on 35 mm. film, and are also to be available in 16 mm. Filming of the words and production of the four hymn-sings (of three hymns each) were made by the National Screen Service Corporation. Each series runs for 11 minutes.

Says Chaplain Wooldridge: "We hesitate to quote a price since these are still in process of being completed, but any information will gladly be given by the Chaplain's Office, MCAS, Mojave, Calif."

Wooldridge also points out that chaplains may be interested in four excellent church trailers produced by CHAPLAIN CURRY of Deming Army Air Field, Deming, N. M., and printed by the National Screen Service Corp. "Their dignified appeal for support of divine services will be helpful and

rewarding if run at the beginning or end of any film showing," he says.

Staying On the Beam

¶ On page 41 of Vol. 1, No. 1 of THE CHAPLAIN, a chaplain asked for suggestions as to how chaplains may "stay on the beam" and not get off onto that of the Special Services officer, etc. I would like to submit the following with the hope that they might prove helpful to other chaplains.

I manage to stay on the beam by remembering that I am a minister before I am a chaplain, and that I have been called upon to do a definite piece of work in the navy—that of representing God to man and men to God. I work at that task seven days of the week. Whenever I get loaded down with extra work, I have a very frank talk with my superior officers. I have always found them very attentive, considerate and willing to cooperate with the chaplain in restoring him to "the beam."

In answer to the inquiry concerning the sources of hymn origins, the Colportage Association, Moody Bible Institute, 153 Institute Place, Chicago, Illinois, has some very fine books on the history of hymns. A chaplain can go through these hymn-story books and take out of them the stories back of the hymns that are in the army and navy hymnal. By purchasing a loose-leaf notebook and numbering the pages corresponding to the pages in the Navy Hymnal, he can have the hymn stories on hand for ready reference.

In answering the inquiry in paragraph 3, column 2 of the same page I combat spiritual loneliness in the following way: I take time out to be quiet and alone with God in my room every morning after breakfast. I do the same thing in the evening before I retire. The following books of a devotional nature, designed especially to keep a person's spiritual life fresh and

strong, have been of great help to me: *Morning by Morning and Evening by Evening*, by Spurgeon; *My Utmost for His Highest*, by Oswald Chambers; *The Borrowed Glow*, by Richard Day; *God's Minute*, a book of prayers; *Temple Prayers*, by Dr. Orchard.

Of course, I read chapters from the Bible in the morning and in the evening. In addition to this, I try to keep busy studying some great doctrine or truths declared in the Bible. The above practice has proven of great help to me. I am sending it to you for what it may be worth to someone else.

In answer to the inquiry as to how I write letters of consolation in the time of death and sorrow, the two letters written by Abraham Lincoln are very good models to follow. They can be found in any authentic life on Abraham Lincoln. (ED. NOTE: We quote one of these letters on page 16.)

—CHAPLAIN HAROLD L. PROPPE

"Spiritual Loneliness"

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM A. SPURRIER suggests an article on "How a chaplain can and must combat spiritual loneliness." May I suggest the following: Form a close friendship and companionship with the great characters of the Bible. Walk with Abraham during that quarter of a century he waited for the promise of God to be fulfilled. Stand with Isaac as he watched his herdsmen re-dig his father's well which the Philistines had filled in. Journey with Jacob to Paddan-Aram and back. Go with Joseph through the loneliness and trails of Egypt. Follow Moses from the bullrushes, through the palace, out to the mountains with God, across the Red Sea with the marching millions and through the wilderness. Then enter Canaan with Joshua and keep step with the Judges, Kings and Prophets as the curtain drops between the Old and the New Testament. Then reverently draw back the curtain and

watch the lowly Nazarene and his followers as they become channels of spiritual power in a pagan world.

Loneliness? Well, some of those great men knew it, but he who walks with them forgets to be lonely.

—CHAPLAIN EUGENE L. MCCLURE

United in Prayer

¶ UNDER CONDITIONS which are unfavorable for assemblage CHAPLAIN ROBERT E. HERB keeps his prayer circle complete. Here is how he does it: "I have taught my men that at seven o'clock morning and evening I say my own devotions, and that although we are separated they can join me at those times by saying their own intercessions, wherever they are."

Leave-Takings

¶ WHEN THOSE seeking counsel depart CHAPLAIN JAMES L. SANDLIN uses this benediction: "May the Lord bless you and keep you and make his face to shine upon you, and may his continuance be with you." He concludes the committal service with these words: "My comrade, we commit your body to the ground, and your soul to the God who gave it. May we catch the torch of freedom that has fallen from your noble hands and bear it to complete freedom and victory."

"Prayer Squadron"

¶ CHAPLAIN WILLIAM V. MORGAN, Division Chaplain of the North Atlantic Division, Air Transport Command, has organized the North Atlantic Wing Prayer Squadron. Men of all faiths may become members by signing a card agreeing to pray daily for "a world-wide spiritual revival, for those in command of our armed forces, for chaplains, for comrades in service and for loved ones." The 10,000th card was signed by General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces. Chaplain Morgan also distrib-

utes weekly a sermon which may be read by officers or enlisted men at services in the isolated North or at stations with a personnel too small to have a chaplain.

Scattered Blessings

¶ HOW A CHAPLAIN may extend his ministry to America, elevate his office and his cause in the esteem of those he serves is being demonstrated by CHAPLAIN JOHN W. KENNEDY. He keeps a steady flow of letters directed to relatives of service men, notifying them that a member of their family has attended worship, has been visited in the hospital, or talked with. Replies arrive constantly expressing gratitude for the manner in which his letters have relieved the recipients of anxiety, and always for the solicitude shown by the chaplain.

Articulate Longings

¶ CHAPLAIN BEN L. ROSE does not minimize the value of the sermon, but from his experience he writes from Germany: "I have learned that 'the long prayer' means as much to the men as the sermon. In it the chaplain must put into words the prayers that are struggling to go forth from the hearts of soldiers, but which they cannot phrase. He must give utterance to the desires of their souls."

Power of Song

¶ FROM A PACIFIC ISLAND where "life is boring and monotonous rather than adventurous and thrilling," CHAPLAIN MARVIN E. MARIS offers the most effective antidote for the blues that he has discovered. He says: "My best message comes through the music of the chapel service. The Southerners like the gospel hymns which their quartet sings with genuine impressiveness. In general, however, the old hymns of the Christian tradition are best, I have discovered."

His Hobby Help

¶ AS THE FIRST chaplain at an airbase in Brazil, CHAPLAIN LESTER W. KELL did not find things awaiting him in apple-pie order. He needed lumber but he prefers not to be questioned too closely as to how it was obtained. He needed tools. His initial kit contained "a hammer from the head of a broken monkey-wrench, a saw which had been used to cut everything from butter to iron rails, and a square. But he did have a hobby for constructing almost anything out of almost nothing—so presto! he soon had an altar, a pulpit and a kneeling rack. Chaplain Kellie considers the army a good field in which to dig up and brighten with use one's buried talents.

Benefits of Brevity

¶ CHAPLAIN ROBERT M. VARNER, who has been aboard a ship carrying battle casualties from ports in Southern France, offers this suggestion from his experiences on the Mediterranean: "I do not believe that a long visit with patients is necessary, and time does not permit it. I offer each patient an opportunity for a private devotional and also Communion, if desired."

Pew-Filler Ideas

¶ INDICATIONS are sufficient in number to warrant accepting as a rule that the more attractive, comfortable and worshipful a chapel is made, the greater will be the number who frequent it. When CHAPLAIN ELVIN BURGESS arrived in the Garden Island of the Pacific, he found that the arrival hospital to which he was assigned offered no place of worship but a bare and uninviting ward building. The commanding officer approved a plan whereby from the Chaplain's Fund a suitable chapel might be created. So the enterprise, which seems to be the architect's dream, was finished. No the commanding officer seldom miss

service, attendance has doubled, and the chapel has become the pride of everybody. All of which indicates one way of filling the pews.

Boosts Missions

CHAPLAIN KENNETH M. HAY has been conducting trips to mission villages in the Southwest Pacific. On one occasion 207 enlisted men visited a station where, prior to the arrival of missionaries fifty years before, cannibalism, inter-tribal warfare and a low state of morality existed. The visitors found citizens who under missionary training had become carpenters, boat-builders, cabinet-makers and masters of other crafts. There were schoolhouses and churches, and the industry and intelligence of the natives as observed by the American soldiers furnished an object-lesson in the physical and spiritual transforming power of Christianity.

Leaves Memorials

STAFF SERGEANT George Snodgrass conceived the idea of installing memorial windows in the chapel of a lying Fortress base in England. A collection was taken among Protestant officers and men, a designer engaged, and two beautiful stained-glass windows were executed bearing the inscription: "To the Memory of the 31st Bombardment Group." CHAPLAIN VARD J. FELLOWS, who offered the dedicatory prayer, writes that when the chapel is abandoned these windows are to be installed in a nearby church. Not only will they continue as a memorial to the lost men of the bombardment group but will serve as a link to perpetuate Anglo-American goodwill.

CHAPLAINS!—Let's have *your* ideas and work methods. Whatever has been effective for you will help your fellow-chaplains!

HELP WANTED

CHAPLAIN ARNOLD R. JANSEN (Scott Field, Ill.) would like someone to write an article on "How to Get Commissioned Officers to Attend Chapel."

Are there any takers?

✓ ✓ ✓

"Of interest to me," writes CHAPLAIN DAVID I. REES (Alameda, Calif., Naval Air Center), "would be any ideas for the improvement of the chaplain's work on a naval air section base where we have no chapel, no Specialist (W), no meeting-place at all but the auditorium."

Speak up, ye who have flourished in such poverty-stricken circumstances!

✓ ✓ ✓

CHAPLAIN E. E. HOLMBERG (in France) asks for "some striking quotations which chaplains hear from their men about God and religion," also some stories relating how men are led to a vital Christian faith while serving under combat conditions.

✓ ✓ ✓

CHAPLAIN S. A. MECKEL (at Camp Davis, N. C., at time of writing) would like suggestions from chaplains for serving "minority religious groups" in their units. He also asks: "What religious hymns do the men like best?"

Let's have your experience along these lines!

✓ ✓ ✓

CHAPLAIN WM. F. BUTLER (31st General Hospital, Pacific Theater) would like some chaplain who has used evangelism to good effect in the service to speak up on the methods he has found most effective.

THOUGHT - STARTERS

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED

TO "PRIMING THE PUMP"

In the "Illusions"

❊ A WOMAN whose son was in the army was asked recently where he was stationed. She replied, "Oh, he is in the illusions." Of course she meant "the Aleutians." But there was a lot to think about in her mistaken word. Aren't we all, in these days and in so many ways, living in the "illusions"? Aren't there a lot of "illusions" which are common living-places in these days of fog?

For one thing, we are living in the "illusions" if we imagine that any desirable world is going to come from mere force, no matter how great. That was one of the disastrous illusions of 1919. It found expression in the very words in which President Woodrow Wilson announced, on November 11, 1918, "Armed imperialism is at an end." Today we comment, "Was that so?" It was not so. It was an illusion.

We are living in an illusion if we imagine that even overwhelming victory can do anything else than clear away the military obstacles to a decent world. The foundation must still be laid. It must be laid in the recognition of moral and spiritual truths, and the building on those truths.

Heinrich Heine, the keen-eyed German poet, writing 100 years ago of Europe and Germany, pointed out in vivid and powerful language the



By HALFORD
LUCCOCK, D.D.

necessity of the Christian foundation for a world of justice and peace. He wrote "If that taming talisman, the Cross, is broken, then the old stone gods will rise from forgotten rubble and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes; and Thor will leap up and, with his giant hammer, start smashing the Gothic cathedrals." Was ever a prophecy more literally and terribly fulfilled, after a century? We must not go on living in the illusion that the Cross can be safely left out of account.

We are also living in an illusion if we imagine that the individual does not count, and count enormously, in any hope for a better world. Plans are good and necessary; but the greatest need is for individuals to be the personal instruments for bringing the plans to reality.

There is a striking illustration of this in the sentence of a soldier's letter home. "This war," he wrote, "is the loneliest war ever fought." Isn't it true? In spite of there being over seventy million men in uniform, the largest number in all history, it is a lonely war. Men do not march in platoons, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades. They go separately and in small groups, patrols, a few men in a tank, a few men in a plane, one or a few in a dangerous hand-to-hand fighting. It is a war of millions; but more, it is emphatically a war of individuals. S

and even more so, will the peace be. We are in the "illusions" also, if we imagine that morality is just a custom and not something deeply imbedded in the grain of the universe.

"Don't Fence Me In"

IT IS HARD for us at home to imagine the extent to which the short-wave radio carries to the men overseas the latest creations of popular music. But probably the majority of men in the service have heard the crooning of the song, "Don't Fence Me In." It doesn't sound like Cole Porter stuff, but he wrote the music. The idea strikes a responsive chord in American hearts, for it is part of our pioneering heritage. The American, as he pushed westward, wanted *room*. An early senator from Ohio, in the days when Ohio was a sparsely settled wilderness, said on his death-bed, "Bury me in an open field; I've been crowded all my life!" Imagine being "crowded" in a land when a neighbor five miles away was "next door"!

Yet the words of the title of the song express a deep human longing, a longing not to be "fenced in." Let's look at it:

The worst "fencing in" is that which we do to ourselves. No stout railing of circumstances can compare to the walls we often build around ourselves.

We "fence ourselves" in when we shut ourselves off from contact with God in our lives. Man is made for the big environment of God. H. G. Wells writes, "There is a God-shaped blank in the heart of every man." Indeed, there is. Our job is to fill that blank. We often speak, in tones of derision, of a "half wit." The man whose spiritual life has been suffocated is a

"half wit," in the sense that he is living on only half his wits. The other half, the wits that might fulfill a man's nature in God, are not used.

We fence ourselves in also when we are all "wrapped up" in ourselves. That's just what the Rich Fool in Jesus' parable did. He fenced himself in, disastrously. We fence ourselves in to a terribly narrow corral when we fence other people out of a real place in our concern.

"Your Good Friend and Mine"

☞ MANY MEN in the armed forces from Connecticut, and indeed from all New England, are familiar with the voice and the attractive personality of Bob Steele, the radio announcer of Station WTIC, Hartford. For years he has been broadcasting an evening program, "Strictly Sports," and another program in the morning called "The Morning Watch." At the end of each broadcast he uses this form of words, "This is your good friend and mine, Bob Steele." When you hear the phrase the first time you say to yourself, "That's a neat one."

Of course, every person is a "good friend to himself." It sounds natural that every John Jones should be a good friend to John Jones. But, when you begin to think it over, it does not sound so inevitable. Does it always follow that John Jones is a really good friend of John Jones? Haven't you known a lot of people who were rather "rotten" friends of themselves? Isn't one of our commonest sentences, used till it is threadbare, "He was his own worst enemy"?

Here is the big question, worth looking squarely in the face, "*How good a friend are you to yourself?*"

What are the marks of a real friend?

Here are a few. The preacher will think of others much more pertinent to the situation of the audience he is addressing. We like a friend to be *interesting*. No one picks a tiresome bore for steady company. How interesting are you to yourself? Have you kept your mind alive, so that you can rub two thoughts together for your entertainment and have them kindle into some kind of an entertaining glow?

A really good friend is not one in whose company we can "let ourselves go" without any restraints. A *good friend is one who holds us up to our best*, whose company makes it possible for our best to get out. If that sounds too pious, just think it over. Are not the friends to whom every man looks back in gratitude those who helped him, often unconsciously, realize his best potentialities? How good a friend are we to ourselves in that high office of friendship?

A friend in the truest sense is one who widens our horizon.

Out of Your Mind

¶ A GOOD QUESTION is this: What are you making out of your mind? It is no answer to say, "I'm not making *anything* out of my mind. Why should I bother?" If we say that, we are kidding ourselves. Even by neglect we are positively making something out of our minds.

We can make a lot of different things out of our minds. And what we get out of life, as well as what we put into it for others, depends upon what we do with our minds.

First of all, and let's frankly say it, we can make a *sewer* out of our minds. There are people who have filled their minds with obscenity so

that it gives off a smell like that of an open sewer or an aromatic garbage can with the lid off.

We can make a *wastebasket* out of it. There is nothing wrong with a wastebasket except that it doesn't add up to anything. Odds and ends and scraps of information, all jumbled together, never equip a person to do any one thing well.

We can make a *vacuum* out of our minds, just an empty place for the wind to blow through. A social worker in a distressed part of a large city called at a flat and was greeted by a woman through a half-opened door. "You needn't come in here. Me and my husband don't take no interest in nothing." Two vacuums!

We can make a *dormitory* out of our minds, a place where good ideas go to sleep. Our ideas may be fine, but if our minds are of the dormitory variety they never get any exercise. The mind is a sleeping room!

There are two superlatively fine things we can make out of our minds. We can make a *tool chest* out of them. And we can make a *power house* out of the mind.

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Life After Death

¶ WITH MULTITUDES of people the question of immortality has been becoming more and more an academic question. It is not so much that people deny immortality; it is just that they are not particularly interested. This world is so demanding and so full of so many things that it engages all their interest. But the question of a life after death becomes, to me, who are looking day after day with level eyes into the bright face of

anger and death, far more than an
 the question to be toyed with in a
 library. It gets up and stares at them!
 This is not that men are afraid to die.
 This is simply the grip of the question,
 "Is there anything *more*?" It is a
 question for which the chaplain will
 find a continuing interest in men's
 minds.

There is no proof for immortality,
 in the sense that you can prove a
 proposition in geometry. So we save
 time by not trying to prove the un-
 provable. Be he chaplain or pastor, a
 minister soon discovers that if he has
 nothing positive to say about immor-
 tality, there come occasions every
 week when he has nothing to say at
 all. They are, as Masefield puts it,
 "broken things too broke to mend."

That was sharply illustrated in a
 soldier's letter describing a military
 funeral in the South Seas during the
 present war. He said it was the wet-
 test, gloomiest day that ever blew in
 with the fog. There was no chaplain.
 They covered the fallen soldiers with
 earth, and were about to leave the
 depressing scene when a little red-
 headed cook from Arkansas began to
 sing, "There's a Land That Is Fairer
 Than Day." He was right! If we can-
 not stand by the open grave and sing
 that, we cannot really sing any gospel
 at all.

The open way to faith in immor-
 tality is through *experience*. It is the
 experience of meeting values in peo-
 ple's lives so great that it becomes
 inconceivable that a universe, which
 treasures forever every bit of mat-
 ter, should carelessly allow to go into
 nothingness its highest and greatest
 product, human personality! Not only
 army cooks, like the one mentioned
 a few sentences back, feel this way.
 The greatest philosophers feel it too.

Here are the classic words of one
 of America's greatest thinkers of the
 last generation, Prof. George Herbert
 Palmer of Harvard. They were writ-
 ten after the death of his wife, the
 radiant Alice Freeman Palmer. He
 wrote, "Though no regrets are proper
 for her death, who can contemplate
 the fact of it and not call the world
 irrational if out of deference to a few
 particles of disordered matter it ex-
 clude so fair a spirit?"

That about says it. We live in a
 rational universe, a universe which
 has produced the fine flower of hu-
 man personality and can be depended
 upon to preserve what it has pro-
 duced. That is the meaning of Em-
 erson's word, "As God lives, the ex-
 cellent becomes the permanent."

The other great basis for faith in
 immortality is in the *nature of God*.
 If God is a Father, that means that
 his children have a permanent place
 in his care, and are not thrown away
 like a squeezed orange when the ac-
 cident of death occurs. If we believe
 in God, that settles it. Then we can
 say, "Death is swallowed up in life."

Hitler's Skull

☞ A NEWS DISPATCH last summer re-
 corded the fact that Hitler had left a
 legacy to the whole human race.
 That's right, someone interrupts, he
 has! He has left a legacy of death and
 blight to the whole race. But he also
 left something else arranged with
 great care. He left a legacy by hav-
 ing his skull measurements carefully
 and scientifically made and placed in
 a safe place (if there be any such)
 so that humanity should not lose the
 exact measurements of "the perfect
 human skull." What an unbelievable
 megalomania, to think that the meas-

urements of that little head should have any value, except for psychiatry!

But the incident raises the question: *What would be good skull measurements?* The answer, of course, is that there is no correlation between the size of the skull and the amount and quality of brains. The biggest skull in America recently was that of a professional wrestler known as "The Angel." The largest skull ever known in England belonged to a congenital idiot. That may cheer up some of us who do not look as though we had outsize brains!

A real question of importance is also suggested, however. Here it is: *What would be good measurement for what lies inside the skull—the brain, the mind?* That might be opened as a subject by asking three old and simple questions:

1. *How long is your mind?* We say of a person, "He has a long head." That often means no more than that he is keen on the quest of a dollar. But it has a larger meaning. Length to the mind means that one can think on a matter in a long-time frame. He can ask not only how this line of conduct fits in with today, but how it will fit into the long years.

2. *How broad is your mind?* Does it take in the whole human family? Nothing else is broad enough today.

3. *How high is your mind?* Can it reach up and take in the things above the level of food and drink and possessions?

Trying to Live on Negatives

❖ ONE GREAT DANGER of the religious life, as of life in general, is that of trying to live on negatives. That is, of being so much absorbed in what we

do not like that we have no will to devote to serving what we do like—even of finding out just what it is.

The subject will bear a little closer inspection.

There are many, for instance, who are "anti" a lot of things, but really "pro" nothing. They hate this, that and the other thing, but they believe nothing much positively.

Saul, the first king of Israel, is a good example of this. He was a valiant man of war who mowed down his neighbors. He was the great anti everything of his time. He was anti-Philistine, anti-Moabite, anti-Ammonite. He grew angry at other men's idols, criticized other men's faiths, but built no temple of his own. He was so wrapped up in negative antagonisms that he failed to create positive values in his own life, or in that of his nation. If he had been asked the question, "Saul, what are you for?" his only answer would have been, "I am against my neighbors."

Today there are too many like him. Ask them what they are for, and they would have to answer, "I am anti-fascist, anti-communist, anti-Jew," or anti-something else. They are not trying to create anything; there is no inner shrine of their own devotion.

Two ways of development of this idea suggest themselves:

1. Show that this anti-feeling is the cause of the ugliest things in our world—such blots as anti-Semitism, religious bigotry and persecution, racial hatreds, etc. We must take the "his" out of our language, for the voice of the snake is heard over the land.

2. Bring out what are the great positives of the Christian religion, and of an effective democracy. (The two are the same in some values).

A Word From Back Home

BACK HOME, a dominant idea of us civilians is to keep in good running order whatever gear one may have—be it automobile, refrigerator or even the lowly alarm clock—the simple reason being, of course, that we cannot get any more.

A recent advertisement pictured a young woman raising her hand as though taking an oath and saying, "I will take care of what I have." The first thought that comes is, She had better take care of it! Then the larger suggestiveness of the promise becomes clear. It is a good pledge for anyone to take. Think it over: "I will take care of the things that I have."

It applies to the body. This body is the only one I will ever get. If I spoil its powers by dissipation, or slow it down by lack of care, there won't be another, either Government issue or any other kind.

It applies to the whole spiritual heritage of each one of us. Freely we have received of ideals and standards and great memories. They are our capital stock. Let's take care of them. Let's keep them as current assets of the mind and soul.

It applies to the whole tradition of religion. In Europe's occupied countries thousands of brave men have said, "I will take care of the Church and its gospel," and they said it at a time when "taking care" meant the risk of imprisonment and often the loss of life. So it was with the heroic bishops of Norway and the churchmen in other lands. We have a legacy to take care of in our religion. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of the world depends on how well we take care of it.

OUTLINES

FOR MARCH SERIES

A series for the month of March may be built around the word "march" and the slogan for the month, "March to Chapel in March!" Here are suggested four topics:

FIRST SUNDAY: *Two Stragglers in the Desert* (the two on the way to Emmaus).

SECOND SUNDAY: *Doubletime* (Philip and the Eunuch).

THIRD SUNDAY: *First Aid on a Road March* (the Good Samaritan).

FOURTH SUNDAY: *A Scout on a Military Quest* (Zacchaeus).

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN F. G. NICHOLS

THE TESTINGS OF A MAN

INTRODUCTION: As a metal must be tested and tried before used, so God tests and tries us. (I Peter 1:6-7 and 4:12.) Sermon is based on Joseph's life and the tests he went through.

1. *The Test of Work* (for dependability and trustworthiness). Joseph as a servant in Potiphar's house.

2. *The Test of Morals*: Joseph enticed by Potiphar's wife.

3. *The Test of Adversity*: Joseph in prison. (Show how he was taken out of normal life and cut off from his plans for the future, even as is every man in service.)

4. *The Test of Responsibility*: Joseph promoted to be ruler of Egypt.

5. *The Test of Attitudes* (toward those who wronged him): Joseph confronted by the brothers who had sold him into slavery.

Joseph met all these tests satisfactorily because of his faith in God and his belief in the future. Just so may we!

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN E. L. MCCLURE

I L L U S T R A T I O N S

During one of the darkest hours in early American history someone wrote Benjamin Franklin a letter, saying pessimistically, "The sun of liberty has set." The great old patriot wrote back, "*Then light up the candles!*"

♦

In his "Stand By For China," Dr. Gordon Poteat tells of one of the outstanding influences in the conversion of Miss Tseng Paoswen, one of China's leading educators. One day she noticed Miss Stewart, a crippled teacher, having a hard time going up and down the stairs. She inquired of a roommate, "How did she become crippled?"

Surprised that she did not know, the roommate explained that Miss Stewart's parents had been missionaries in Fukien. In 1910, when the Boxer movement broke out with the cry, "Kill the foreigners! Down with the foreign religion!" the Stewarts were attacked and killed in their home. Miss Stewart, a baby then, was thrown down violently, and, though rescued, became an incurable cripple.

"Do you mean to say that even though her parents were killed and she was maimed for life, she came back to China of her own accord to teach the people of the race who had done evil to her parents and herself?"

Confucius had taught if one's father were slain, a filial child would never rest until he had wreaked vengeance upon the murderer. But here Miss Stewart was offering love instead of revenge.

♦

A series of pictures in a popular magazine portrays the story of a one-note musician. He takes his seat in the

orchestra with the other musicians arranges his score, and tunes his instrument. On the arrival of the conductor, the music begins with the leader skillfully bringing in first one group of musicians and then another.

After a long time the crucial moment arrives—it is the time when the one note is played. The conductor turns to him and his one note sounds forth. Once more the orchestra plays and the one-note man sits quietly throughout the rest of the concert. His one note had been played, and played well. His part, in its place, was as important as that of the soloist. He was satisfied—and so was the conductor.

♦

During the last war a Polish woman saw the Quakers feeding the starving on both sides of the conflict. Astonished by such Christian philanthropy, she said to one of them: "You are feeding everybody, aren't you? Poles, Russians, Germans—everybody, friend and foe? Well, I knew there ought to be people like that in the world, but I didn't know that there actually were."

♦

A Frenchman incurred the displeasure of Napoleon and was put into a dungeon. He seemed to be forsaken by his friends and forgotten by everyone in the outside world. In loneliness and despair he took a stone and scratched on the wall of his cell, "Nobody cares."

One day a green shoot came through the cracks in the stones on the floor of the dungeon and began to reach up toward the light in the tiny window.

the top of the cell. The prisoner part of the water brought to him day by the jailer and poured it the blade of green. It grew until at it became a plant with a beautiful blue flower. As the petals opened full blossom, the solitary captive pressed out the words previously written on the wall and above them etched, "God cares."

contributor to the *Reader's Digest* tells this one:

One evening in Albany, New York, asked a sailor what time it was. He pulled out a huge watch and read, 'It's 7:20.' I knew it was later. My watch has stopped, hasn't it?"

"No," he said, 'I'm still on Mountain Standard Time. I'm from south of Utah. When I joined the navy, Pa gave me this watch. He said it'd help me remember home.'

"When my watch says 5 a.m. I know Dad is rollin' out to milk the cows. And any night when it says 10 I know the whole family's around the well-spread table, and Dad's thanking God for what's on it and askin' me to watch over me. I can almost smell the hot biscuits and bacon. 'It's thinkin' about those things makes me want to fight when the goin' gets tough,' he concluded. 'I can find out what time it is where I want easy enough. What I want to know is what time it is in Utah.'"

There was a blacksmith who was always carping at professors of religion, especially when he could get a Christian to talk to, or knew of one who was near enough to overhear him. Some choice morsel of scandal was sure to be served up about an angry minister, or a sinful deacon, or a Sunday school superintendent who had fallen from grace.

One day he was dilating with uncommon relish on his favorite theme to a venerable elder. The good old man bore it quietly for a while, and then he said, "Did you ever hear the story of the rich man and Lazarus?"

"Yes, of course I have."

"Remember about the dogs—at the gate there—how they licked Lazarus' sores?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, you remind me of those dogs—always licking sores. *All you notice in Christians is their faults.*"

There is a dreadful passage in Carlyle where he imagines a man trying to run away from his own shadow; and ever and again he turns round, and it is still there, that black thing, dogging him; on and on, flinging himself wildly away from it—and round again, and it is still there; and he panting now, and dead-beat: "God, God, I can't get away from it! *I can't!*"

That is sin—if there is no forgiveness.

The well-known German chemist, Hoffman, came to Glasgow one Sunday morning to visit Sir William Thomson, who was later known as Lord Kelvin. Just before entering Sir William's home, he rang the bell. The maid asked the German professor what he wanted. He replied that he desired to see Sir William Thomson. The maid answered, "He is most certainly not at home, now."

The professor then asked, "Where might I find him?"

The maid answered somewhat testily, "Sir William Thomson is where you ought to be right now, in church!"

When the Constitutional Convention was in session, a skeptical tendency appeared, and Benjamin Franklin,

then 83 years old, prepared and delivered the following speech:

"When we were in great peril we had daily prayers in this room for the protection and guidance of Almighty God. I have lived a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I have that God governs in the affairs of men. If a sparrow cannot fall to earth without His knowledge, is it possible for a nation to rise without his aid? . . . Have we forgotten that powerful Friend or have we no longer need of his assistance?"

..

During the French Revolution Jean Bon St. André, the Vendean revolutionist, said to a peasant, "I will have all your steeples pulled down, that you may no longer have any object by which you may be reminded of your old superstitions."

"But," replied the peasant, "*you can't help leaving us the stars.*"

..

Some fourteen years ago a ship was wrecked on a reef off New England's "stern and rock-bound coast." A violent storm was raging and the situation appeared hopeless. In command of the Coast Guard was a veteran captain. A young officer reported to him:

"The wind is off shore, sir, and the tide is running out. We can do no good. Of course, we can go out, but against the wind and tide we cannot come back."

Drawing himself up to his full height and looking the young officer squarely in the eye, the captain said sternly: "Launch the boat. We have got to go out. We do not have to come back."

—John Sutherland Bonnell

..

Someone recently asked John Charles Thomas to what or to whom he owed most in his success as a

singer. He replied in one word: "God."

God reached him early. Mr. Thomas was born in a Methodist parsonage. He did his first real singing in a family trio, at his father's church service revivals and at camp meetings. He moved about a lot in those days. He was one of the best of the Methodist preachers in the early 1900s. He never stayed in one place very long.

The religious influence of those early days has its way with him before every broadcast. Veteran though he is, he is nervous about his tremendous radio audience; he overcomes this nervousness by arriving early at the studio, going alone into a little room and—sometimes for thirty minutes—praying to the God who has given him one of the most scintillating voices in modern music.

..

"I once had a professor," said C. C. Blackburn, "who did not believe in religion. He classified religions in three types—the high and the holy, the broad and the lazy, the low and the crazy. We should have a religion that is not hazy, lazy or crazy." That may be a sermon outline in that!

..

Shortly before the hurricanes tore through the Atlantic seaboard several months ago, a man ordered an expensive barometer. Upon its arrival the instrument immediately registered an approaching hurricane. He bought it up, returned it to the dealer with a sharp note accusing him of sending him a defective barometer, because there was no such thing as a hurricane in the region where he resided. He demanded a new instrument that would record the conditions correctly. Then he hurried off to the postoffice to mail both the barometer and a letter. When he returned home his house had been blown away. He belonged to the class of persons who say, "It can't happen here!"

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

(FRANCIS SCOTT KEY)

FROM a hideaway in the mountains of Virginia, where it was placed to escape enemy bombings, there has recently been restored to the wall of the Smithsonian Institute one of the nation's most treasured possessions. This object so prized, honored and guarded is only an old piece of bunting, faded, stained, tattered and shell-torn. Once, however, it waved over Fort McHenry during a dark period when there was grave doubt whether the Stars and Stripes could be kept aloft anywhere over the Republic.

On a September night in the year 1814, Francis Scott Key responded to the request of a company of citizens to visit officers of the victorious British forces to obtain the release of a physician held captive by them. En route to the boat Key saw grim reminders of "war's desolation." The two most historic buildings of the nation were but masses of charred wreckage. Both the President and the federal legislators had been made homeless by the Redcoats who had arrived with torch and shell from the fateful fields of Bladensburg.

Key soon found himself, along with the man whose deliverance he sought, in the custody of Admiral Cockburn aboard a ship on the Chesapeake Bay. There would be time for negotiations after Americans had hauled down that flag over Fort McHenry and Baltimore had capitulated. All day gunners shelled the Fort, but it held out and the flag still waved above it. Never before as on that night had the waters of the Chesapeake reflected such lurid, fitful lights nor its shores reverberated with such wild cannonading. And perhaps no battle-observer

ever passed through such anxiety and agony as did Francis Scott Key.

At last, faint fingers of light streaked the skies of the eastern shore. When able to observe the starry emblem as "it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam," Key, in a mood of patriotic ecstasy, removed from his pocket an envelope upon which he scribbled "The Star-spangled Banner." Upon his going ashore, a flutist set the poet's word's to a popular air; a printer struck off copies; a Baltimore paper printed the poem, and soon Americans acclaimed it as worthy of adoption as the national anthem.

Francis Scott Key did not confine expressions of his patriotism to verse alone. Although the husband of a daughter of the greatest slave-holder in Maryland, and the brother-in-law of Chief Justice Taney, the Negro had no more devoted friend than was Key. To his defense when wronged the gifted lawyer repeatedly came with legal and financial aid. When land sharks and fraudulent agents preyed upon the Creek Indians, he also fought the latter's battles.

Mr. Key was a devout Episcopalian whom John Randolph appraised as being "as near perfection as our poor human nature can go." This poet, lawyer, public servant and Christian died in 1843 at the age of sixty-three, but not until he had helped right many wrongs, left "In God We Trust" as the motto for the nation's coinage, and in the hearts of millions the determination that

*"The star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave."*

—JACOB SIMPSON PAYTON

TALL TALES

● **OLIVE-BOUGH PLEA:** According to CHAPLAIN FERNANDO A. LAXAMANA nobody knows the troubles the men of his Filipino Infantry Regiment have seen. The most bothersome arrive nicely sealed up in envelopes postmarked USA. After expressing the wish that those at home would spare their kinsmen in uniform news of troubles about which nothing can be done he adds, "You have heard of the husband who wrote to his wife: 'Please do not write any more nagging letters. I am 5,000 miles away and it doesn't do any good. And besides, I want to fight this war in peace!'"

● **FURNISHES FOOTWEAR:** To cut or not to cut his good shoes was the question weighing heavily on the mind of a Negro soldier in the Ordnance Battalion of CHAPLAIN SAMUEL J. THACKABERRY, JR. Eventually thrift conquered over mutilation and the foot-weary soldier hobbled over to the jeep of the chaplain with a plea for an old right shoe to ease his fiery foot. Now, old right shoes did not abound thereabouts, but the chaplain managed to produce one. Which act tempts us to say something in praise of the manner in which Chaplain Thackaberry looks after the soles of his men!

● **ALL'S O.K. THAT ENDS O.K.:** It began to appear to CHAPLAIN JAMES M. HAMILTON who landed in France on D-Day-plus-2 that he was in the class of "Wrong-way" Corrigan or the player who carried the ball across the wrong goal-line in the Rose Bowl. It all occurred when he and his assistant, out searching for wounded men, listened to a "Heinie" who had surrendered to them as, perched on the hood of their jeep waving a Red Cross flag, he directed them deeper and deeper into the enemy lines. But instead of coming upon a wounded soldier, suddenly two Germans popped out of a foxhole beside a hedgerow. By this time the American line was behind a hill and far away.

While the chaplain was moralizing over the bloody mess into which wrong directions often lead, to his amazement the two Hitler youths surrendered, and, as he describes it, literally danced for joy, saying over and

over again, "Good American comrades!" Doubtless Chaplain Hamilton inwardly also danced for joy and said, "Good German comrades!" But they pushed on until, with their prisoners, they found the wounded man, and while the chaplain is still a little suspicious of wrong directions, he takes comfort in bagging three of "The Superior Race" who will never again squint down their rifle barrels at American boys.

● **WIVES—TWO VIEWS:** One day when CHAPLAIN EDWIN B. BANKS was stationed in Connecticut, a corporal with whom he was riding dilated upon the high cost of living. He said, "Sir, you know it costs her \$18.00 a week to live, plus seven packages of cigarettes for me." Some time later he asked the corporal if the supply of cigarettes was still forthcoming and received the sad reply: "No, sir. She has cut me down to five."

A few months later Chaplain Banks met another corporal. This was on the Island of Oahu. With great pride he showed the chaplain a photograph album packed with pictures of his wife. When on the first page he observed a lovely photograph of his wife with one of the Stars and Stripes opposite, Chaplain Banks remarked, "Well, Corporal, I see you have her next to Old Glory." The corporal replied, "Yes, sir; next to Old Glory and next to my heart."

● **BEYOND THE LAW:** In America CHAPLAIN THOMAS M. ANTHONY had always conducted his services under protection of the statute which forbids disturbance of public worship. Something different occurred when, soon after arriving in New Guinea, he opened his service one afternoon in a wooded area. "Just when I was beginning my sermon," he writes, "the cockatoos (laughing jackasses) began their hee-hawing in the trees in such a clamor of noise that the service had to be discontinued and a new place selected."

● **ONE TOO MANY:** CHAPLAIN OSCAR S. SWENSON, now assigned to the 7th Evacuation Hospital, met plenty of problems at Fort Meade and Camp Pickett as presented by Uncle Sam's guests in stockades, barbed-wire enclosures and guardhouses. No alien enemy prisoner nor soldier transgressor, however, seems to have taxed his resources quite so much as certain civilians. "One particularly knotty problem," according to the chaplain, "was that of two women who ar-

lived at camp desiring to marry the same man!" The chaplain does not explain how he handled that one.

TRADITION SHATTERED: In sedate, historic Saint Mary's Parish Church in England no Nonconformist service had been held since its founding in 1111 A.D. But some weeks ago its hospitable rector welcomed to its pulpit CHAPLAIN PAUL E. PARKER, a Quaker. Long ago George Fox requested the services of Saint Mary's, a magistrate who was an ancestor of the present rector sent to jail the Quaker founder for exhibiting too much ardor over his strange spiritual experiences.

"Times have changed," thought the parishioners as they joined some thousand American worshipers in uniform in singing "America The Beautiful" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," listened to a sermon by Quaker chaplain and devotions by CHAPLAIN G. J. DARSIE, Disciples of Christ, and CHAPLAIN W. M. ETHRIDGE, Baptist. "Thus history viewed new scenes upon old paths," writes Chaplain Parker, "as men of many faiths and two nations merged their voices in thanksgiving to Almighty God."

FOR LOST TIME: When a service man came to CHAPLAIN M. PRUGH of the Sixth Division Artillery to request baptism in sleeping with his newly found faith in Christ, he seemed anxious that all arrears should be met. Even before the plans for the administration of the Sacrament were completed, the man took out his wallet and said: "Here, Chaplain, is \$50. I want you to send it to the treasurer of my mother's church back in Texas. I have never given a cent to the church, and I want to make up for lost time."

NO SLEEPERS: Frontier preachers once offered, as a remedy for anyone afflicted with dozing during sermons, that he sit with his right foot raised. CHAPLAIN JOSEPH A. LIST, USNR, of the *USS General M. M. Patrick*, explains why no preventive for somnolence is necessary when a thousand troops are aboard. He writes: "The men must stand on the 'weather deck' during the entire service. This, standing for church isn't as bad as it sounds. I'm thinking what advantage it would have been when some of those good folks back home slept through my sermons!"

● OFF SCHEDULE: CHAPLAIN ROBERT E. HERB, who has made many parachute jumps with the 503rd Parachute Infantry, does not always know *where* he will land when he starts earthward upon arriving at the drop zone, but he does have an idea *when*. Getting around on a Pacific island is even more involved. He writes: "I started once for a service early on Sunday morning and held the service on Tuesday. The distance was about 15 miles and I covered it partly by cub plane, a mile or two in a jeep, about five miles by boat, and the last mile by native outrigger." The chaplain's alibis: Poor transportation, three unexpected services en route at unit outposts, a funeral, and a halt to learn some additional Malayan language.

● SINGING REGIMENT: "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing, etc." runs an old hymn. Well, CHAPLAIN A. B. SIDEBOTHAM has them in the 406th Infantry. That regiment has sung its way through France, Holland and into Germany. Of course it has taken time out for less agreeable duties, during which it has been obliged to mute its melodious strains, for the boys offer forms of entertainment other than song for the Jerrys. Recalling a service held in a dry swimming pool, Regimental Chaplain Sidebotham writes: "My, how they did sing the old hymns of the Church! I'd love to have them all in my civilian parish in a choir-loft large enough to hold them."

● IN A BARROOM: CHAPLAIN ALBERT F. BUNNEY actually invited members of the 48th Ordnance Battalion to meet in a saloon. It was proper, for the Germans had drained the decanters and kegs and had gone pell-mell across the Siegfried Line. And it was the only available place to celebrate the sacrament of Holy Communion. From recent scenes of Germans seated around tables heiling Hitler with their lifted glasses to Americans kneeling to receive the emblems commemorative of the sufferings of him whose Truth shall make men free, was a strange transformation. At the close, the chaplain's assistant, Corporal Warren G. Clark, recalling how they had conducted worship in apple orchards, cow pastures, tents, schoolhouses, warehouses, brickyards, Dutch dwellings, laboratories and other places, and finally in a saloon, remarked, "Well, Chaplain, we've held services in just about every sort of place except a church!"

PERSONALS

Having gone through the battles of Saipan and Tinian with the marines, and "having undergone with them the bitter shelling which marked the Japanese attempts to defend their vaunted Marianas bases," CHAPLAIN WILLIAM C. NEILL, USNR, received as evidence of the appreciation of members of his artillery unit "a neat little chapel" built by them, according to a news dispatch.



To the Committee on Chaplains of the Church of Latter Day Saints, CHAPLAIN L. MARSDEN DURHAM has written: "I have said from the beginning, and I repeat it, that I have, as a chaplain, the best job the army has to offer!" He wrote this after thirty-two days of rough combat following the initial landing of his division in the Philippines.



In an interview with a representative of *The Afro-American*, CHAPLAIN JAMES R. BROWN, first colored navy chaplain, said: "During my stay at the Naval Training School for Chaplains, Williamsburg, Va., I was most impressed by the attitude of my colleagues and instructors who showed no prejudice."



GENERAL MARK W. CLARK, according to Columnist Drew Pearson, carries a much-used book containing daily devotions. The day of the landing at Salerno the page for that date contained these lines: "Though a thousand foes surround, safe in Thee I shall be found."



The Saturday Evening Post in its issue of December 16 carried an article, "Are the Chaplains Doing a Job?" by *Post* writer David G. Wittels, and a poem, "The Chaplains," by Joseph Auslander. Mr. Wittels mentions, among chaplains of all faiths, the following Protestants: CHAPLAIN HOKE S. BELL who gave his life in a Nazi mine field, CHAPLAINS GEORGE L. FOX and CLARK V. POLING who perished sacrificially aboard the *SS Dorchester*, and CHAPLAINS JAMES R.

CROWE, PHILIP R. GILES and ARNOLD W. RAGUST whose resourcefulness in providing aids to worship out of the implements of war interested the writer.



"Grand Man of God" is the title of a biographical sketch of the late BISHOP JAMES EDWARD FREEMAN of the Diocese of Washington, written by Van Rennselaer Gibson. Bishop Freeman was once a chaplain with the rank of Major, O.R.C. He was active in the work of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains and served as its chairman.



The Flexigun, Buckingham Army Air Field paper, Ft. Myers, Florida, devoted much space in a recent issue to a story by Sgt. Bill Sercombe about CHAPLAIN JAMES BURRIS now stationed there, upon his receiving the award of the Bronze Star for his "outstanding services" while with a bombardment group in North Africa.



The latest list of Protestant chaplains detained by the Germans since June 6, 1941 includes the following: CHAPLAIN RAYMOND S. HALL, Lynn, Mass.; CHAPLAIN ROBERT M. HENNON, St. Louis, Missouri; CHAPLAIN THOMAS S. MCGEE, Brandon, Miss.; CHAPLAIN ROBERT S. SCOTT, La Marque, Texas; and CHAPLAIN GUNNAR J. TEILMANN, Benton, Tenn. CHAPLAIN EUGENE L. DANIELS, who held a pastorate in Atlanta, Georgia, fell into enemy hands during the North African Campaign.



Upon his return to America after an extended mission as a member of an Episcopal deputation for conferences with Church of England leaders, and as the representative of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains in visiting chaplains in the European Theater of Operations, BISHOP HENRY W. HOBSON of Cincinnati was brought back assuring reports of the work of chaplains. Through the courtesy of army, navy and air force officers, he was able to visit many chaplains at the front and at naval installations. The bishop was the last person other than relatives, to talk with the Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple. (See Bishop Hobson's report on opposite page.)

CHAPLAIN ROBERT F. PFEIFFER received fifty commendation for the vote taken by members of the Air Force Service Command in England, on Bible reading from Thanksgiving Day through Christmas Day, sponsored by the American Bible Society. Colonel William E. Shuttles, of Dallas, Texas, cast the first ballot. The election was a landslide.



A chatty communication addressed to 1500 chaplains of The Methodist Church, Bishop G. BROMLEY OXNAM, vice-chairman of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains, read his greetings from that organization in these words: "When at last the families reunited, the men who have carried reputation to the men who have preserved our freedom will stand among the honored ones of our community."



Student chaplains enrolled in the November-December session of the Army Chaplain School, Fort Devens, Mass., numbered ninety-five. Protestant representation by denomination was: Cumberland Presbyterian, Evangelical, Evangelical Free Church, Latter Day

Saints, Lutheran N.L.C., Presbyterian U.S.A., United Brethren and United Lutheran, one each; Advent Christian, Assemblies of God, Christian Science and Lutheran Missouri Synod, two each; Christian and Missionary Alliance and Presbyterian Orthodox, three each; Congregational-Christian, Disciples of Christ, Northern Baptist and Protestant Episcopal, four each; Lutheran, five; Methodist, sixteen, and Southern Baptist, six.



BISHOP EDWIN F. LEE, director of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, was in attendance upon the North American Missions' Conference, Toronto, Canada, January 5 to 7. He participated in a broadcast for the "Church of the Air" program over the Columbia Broadcasting System in a presentation of the radiation of the Christian influence throughout the world. Bishop Lee emphasized Christianity in its relation to Southeast Asia and the islands of the South Seas. This is a region in which many chaplains are stationed. And it is a portion of the globe which will unquestionably be brought vividly to the attention of American church groups by these chaplains upon their return.

THE CHAPLAINS in our army, navy and air corps are giving themselves in daily service with heroic self-sacrifice. They swam ashore with their units on D-Day, and have been where the fighting is thickest ever since.

I shall never forget the description given me by one of the chaplains as we climbed Observatory Hill in Aachen and he told of the day when he advanced up that hill with his unit, fighting for every inch of ground, as they took those dominating heights which sealed the fate of that first large German city which our troops captured.

Nor can I forget the story of a bomber crew which crash-landed at a point some distance from their base and found their chaplains, who had speedily driven to the landing spot, ready to help them from their plane and care for the casualties. One of the crew described the feelings of all: "Those chaplains were always waiting for us after every mission, and when we knew we couldn't make it home and would have to crash, the thing I thought of most was that the chaplains wouldn't meet us. Golly, when I looked out of the wreck and saw the two chaplains right alongside, was I happy!"

Our churches cannot be too proud of or give too much support to these representatives who as chaplains are ministering with such devotion to the spiritual, mental and physical needs of our men in the service. —HENRY W. HOBSON, *Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Southern Ohio*

BOOK NOTES

For We Have This Treasure. By Paul Scherer. Harper & Bros. \$2.

THOSE CHAPLAINS who are familiar with Dr. Scherer's work will need no other notice than that this book is on the market, and that it comprises the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1943. They will immediately hustle out and place their order. On the other hand, those comparatively few who know not Scherer may get a sample of his spirit and message in the sermon occupying the lead-off position in this issue of THE CHAPLAIN.

Among the Yale Lectures there have been many outstanding volumes; this one, in our opinion, ranks high among the best. Worth the price of admission is lecture two, "Like a Man of God," a vital and profound delineation of the preacher himself. But lecture two, "The Weapons of My Warfare," is fully its equal.

The author's inimitable style adds to the charm of this work, though it may take the newcomer to Schererdom a little time to get into the lively stream of his flowing prose. Not as definitive as some lectures on preaching, these nevertheless are packed with spiritually lifting power.

Bishop Lee Recommends:

THINKING YOU WOULD BE HELPED thereby, Bishop Edwin F. Lee has been asking representative religious leaders in Washington to name the books most valuable to them in their recent reading. In the initial list he supplies us are the following:

Contemporary Thinking About Jesus. By Kepler. Publisher: Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$3.50. (Recommended by Dr. Seth R. Brooks.)

The Pledge of Man and the Power of God. By Martyn Lloyd-Jones. Publisher: Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1. (Recommended by Dr. Andrew R. Bird.)

The Revolt Against God. By Weaver. Publisher: Revell. \$2.50. (Recommended by Dr. Seth R. Brooks.)

Bishop Lee himself recommends the following two volumes:

The Compass of the World, A Symposium

of Political Geography. By Hans W. Weir and Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Publisher: J. B. Lippincott. \$3.

Twelve Decisive Battles of the Mind. A Story of Propaganda During the Christian Era. By Gorham Munson. Publisher: Gateway Press. \$3.50.

A Chaplain Recommends

Out of the mass of tract materials available, I have discovered a few "bests" which might be of help to other chaplains:

The best discussion of sex is the booklet, **Building Sex Into Your Life.** Popenoe. 25c each; \$15 per hundred. Publisher: The American Institute of Family Relations, 607 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.

The best pamphlet to give to those who have lost loved ones in the war: **Val Hearts.** 1c each. Publisher: The Forward Movement, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

The best pamphlet to give to one facing operation, illness, or difficult convalescence: **The Road to Recovery.** By Chaplain Robert Rasche. 10c; reduced prices in quantity. Publisher: Federal Council of Churches, Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

The best discussion of sex for those about to be married (and for the married as well): **Preparing for Marriage.** By Popenoe. \$2.50 per dozen; \$15 per hundred. Publisher: The American Institute of Family Relations (see address above).

—CHAPLAIN RALPH G. STONE

AT YOUR SERVICE

Since the November, 1944, issue of this magazine appeared a number of chaplains have written concerning the "Chaplain's Flag" which adorned the back cover. The trade name for this item is "Army Christian Flag Desk-Water," manufactured by the Republic Company, 176 West Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill. It is one of sixteen different designs produced specifically for chaplains, Christian and Jewish, army and navy, descriptive folder and prices may be had on application to the manufacturer.

An attractive pamphlet, "Know Your Bible," is being made available in quantity to chaplains by the Woman's Division of the Christian Service, Methodist. Address: J. D. Bragg, 420 Plum St., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

A Magnificent Fool

WE WERE resting at our base in Tunisia—a general and I. Abruptly, the general turned to me and said, "Say—do you know *Chaplain C*—?" And I answered, "Yes, I know him!"

"Then," said he, "you know a man who has been called a *fool* and also, one of the *bravest men* of this war. Just listen to this and see what you think." And this is what he told me. . . .

"We were fully exposed the morning the Germans began their counter-attack at G—. They got our range with their artillery and we had to get into the trenches and foxholes in a hurry when their divebombers came at us in swarms.

"Just when I thought I had everything under control, I looked down the road and saw some man crawling towards us through the dim light in a jeep. It seemed as if this fellow were coming right out of the German lines.

"When I got a better look, I recognized him. It was *Chaplain C*—. His jeep was literally shot to pieces, and two of the tires were flat. Shells were dropping all around him, but he didn't seem to see them. If he did he didn't care, because he just kept coming. He wasn't making more than six or eight miles an hour—but the jeep kept coming.

"When he came nearly opposite us I shouted at him: 'Get out of that thing and take cover!' But he paid no attention to me. So I stood up in my trench and yelled: 'Did you hear me? Get out of that thing, and take cover!' He didn't even stop. He just turned his head and shouted: 'Listen, you! It took me eight months to get this jeep and I'm not giving it up for anyone!' Just like that.

"I was so mad I couldn't talk, much less shout back at him. But just then a couple of star shells lighted things up as bright as day and I got a good look in the rear of the chaplain's jeep.

"There were two wounded American boys in there.

"Then I understood. *Chaplain C*— was being a fool. But what a magnificent fool!"

From an advertisement of Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Quietude



QUIET and empty the chapel stood.
Empty?

Not of prayers once spoken
Nor of songs once sung;
Not of hearts once broken
To the altar flung
And, mended, staying there
To breathe the purity of air
And beckon others who would share
Their kindling faith.

The soldier came, quietly and alone,
Thought of, but unseen for so long
By tender ones.

Quiet and deserted the chapel stood.
Deserted?

He knelt within the peace,
And anxious prayers oft offered
And troubled sermons preached
There in the silence reached
His heart, and, finding rest,
Gave rest to him.

—FRANK G. MUNDORF

Warrant Officer